

No. 51

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ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

JACK LIGHTFOOT'S ENEMIES OR A FIGHT TO THE FINISH



"You die for this!" cried Boralmo, as Reel tripped Jack, and with a vicious jump he sprang at Jack's throat.

Publishers' Note. "Teach the American boy how to become an athlete, and lay the foundation for a Constitution greater than that of the United States."—Wise sayings from "Tip Top." There has never been a time when the boys of this great country took so keen an interest in all manly and health-giving sports as they do to-day. As proof of this witness the record-breaking throngs that attend college struggles on the gridiron, as well as athletic and baseball games, and other tests of endurance and skill. In a multitude of other channels this love for the "life strenuous" is making itself manifest, so that, as a nation, we are rapidly forging to the front as seekers of honest sport. Recognizing this "handwriting on the wall," we have concluded that the time has arrived to give this vast army of young enthusiasts a publication devoted exclusively to invigorating out-door life. We feel we are justified in anticipating a warm response from our sturdy American boys, who are sure to revel in the stirring phases of sport and adventure, through which our characters pass from week to week.

ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

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No. 51.

NEW YORK, January 27, 1906.

Price Five Cents.

JACK LIGHTFOOT'S ENEMIES;

OR,

A Fight to the Finish.

By MAURICE STEVENS.

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

Jack Lightfoot, the best all-round athlete in Cranford or vicinity, a lad clear of eye, clean of speech, and, after he had conquered a few of his faults, possessed of a faculty for *doing things* while others were talking, that by degrees caused him to be looked upon as the natural leader in all the sports Young America delights in—a boy who in learning to conquer himself put the power into his hands to wrest victory from others.

Tom Lightfoot, Jack's cousin, and sometimes his rival; though their striving for the mastery was always of the friendly, generous kind. Tom was called the "Book-Worm" by his fellows, on account of his love for studying such secrets of nature as practical observers have discovered and published.

Ned Skeen, of impulsive, nervous temperament.

Lafe Lampton, a big, hulking chap, with an ever present craving for something to eat. Lafe always had his appetite along, and proved a staunch friend of our hero through thick and thin.

Brodie Strawn, one of the Cranford athletes, and a great admirer of Phil Kirtland.

Phil Kirtland, once Jack's bitter rival, but now a fair friend, and quite fond of Jack's pretty sister Daisy.

Reel Snodgrass, a boy who came from India, and kept matters pretty warm for Jack ever since his arrival at Cranford.

Jubal Marlin, a Yankee lad, keeper of the club mascot, and with an office at the "gym."

Saul Messenger, a friend of Jack's, and something of a fighter.

Boralmo, a wizard from India, whose knowledge of hypnotism and the Black Arts made him a man to be feared.

Mr. Snodgrass, an eccentric and wealthy citizen of Cranford.

John Lightfoot, Jack's long lost father.

Mrs. Lightfoot, his dearly loved mother.

Kennedy, the valorous town constable.

CHAPTER I.

JACK STRIKES A TRAIL.

Jack Lightfoot stopped under the big elm at the corner of the street, and stood in a listening and watching attitude. He had seen the shadow of a man on the snow in the little alley back of the Cranford bank. The time was night, the hour rather late, and he was on his way home from Lafe Lampton's.

"Can that be Kennedy?" was his thought.

Some time before, the bank had been burglarized by Boralmo, the pretended Hindu, who had made his first visit to Cranford with Reel Snodgrass. Since then, Kennedy, the constable and night watchman, had kept a pretty close watch on the bank, and on any stranger entering the town, even though it was somewhat like locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen.

The street was perfectly quiet, and the shadow behind the bank had disappeared.

Stepping from under the elm, Jack vaulted the low

fence, and hurried toward the little alley. His feet crunched the snow, making a noise that sounded very loud, because of the general stillness.

As he thus advanced, the form of a man muffled in a heavy overcoat came out of the alley with a quick jump; and, with his head bent low, as if for the purpose of preventing his face from being seen, he darted behind a building and out of sight.

Jack heard the patter of his feet, showing that he was running. And now, sure that the man had been in the alley with guilty intentions, Jack ran in pursuit.

Before he reached the house which had hidden the man from view, the sounds of running had stopped, and, when Jack turned the corner, the man was not in sight.

The snow lay white before him along the narrow street, but it had been trodden by many feet, so that it was impossible to make out the tracks of the man who had just passed that way.

Nevertheless, Jack ran on, hoping again to see the fellow, or again to hear him. He did neither. The man had vanished.

Jack turned back, after he had run the length of a block.

"He went up one of these stairways, that's certain," was his conclusion, as he thus retraced his way. "Now, which one?"

The thing that had quickened Jack's heart-beats, however, was not so much the man's sudden disappearance, as the startling fact that he remarkably resembled Boralmo, in spite of the disguise of the big overcoat.

Jack had thought of Boralmo as soon as he saw the shadow behind the bank building; yet he did not believe it was that which had made him fancy the man resembled that worthy.

"If he went up one of these stairways, and he must have done that to disappear so quickly, then he is in one of these houses; yet if I go away to summon Kennedy or any one, he will have a chance to get down and out."

As Jack thought thus, and was asking himself what he should now do, he heard a heavy thud behind one of the houses—a sound exactly like that of a man's feet striking the ground after a leap from a height.

Jack did not hesitate longer.

He sprang at the open stairway before him, and went scrambling through the darkness to the upper landing. A part of this house was occupied, he knew, but the top floor was tenantless.

At the end of the landing was a door whose upper

half was of glass, uncurtained. Jack tried this door, to find it locked. He could look through this door into the room, and on out through the window at the other side of it. The window was open, and he knew the man had escaped by it.

"Balked!" he said, as he tried the door. "He passed through this door, and locked it, and then jumped from the window."

In proof of this, there came to his keen ears the sound of hurrying feet crunching over the snow.

If Jack had been an officer, or armed with a warrant for the arrest of the man, he would have forced the door, or broken the upper panes, in order to reach the window beyond in time to look down and get another glimpse of the rascal.

As it was, he was forced to stand there, hearing those steps, yet unable to do anything.

He stared through the glass and on through the window, and was rewarded shortly by seeing the man come out on a street some distance away.

"Boralmo!" he said, when he again beheld that skulking form.

The distance was great, however; and, except for a certain feeling that the man was Boralmo, caused chiefly by the remarkable resemblance which was again noticeable, Jack had no evidence that his guess was true.

Whoever he was, the man disappeared down a side street, and our young friend did not see him again.

Jack now retraced his way down the stairs, and went in search of Kennedy, whom he found after awhile on the main street, not far from Strawn's dry-goods store.

"I may be foolish and over-suspicious," he said to Kennedy, as he began to tell his startling story, "but I am almost sure that I saw and chased Boralmo to-night, and that he was poking round behind the bank, with the intention of robbing it again."

The statement was enough to stir Kennedy out of all the equanimity he possessed. He knew that Jack was reliable and not given to fancies.

"Is that so?" he said, his voice trembling with the sudden excitement. "I'm glad you came to me at once. I'll put some deputies on, and, if he's in the town, we'll land him. Whoever he was, he had an eye out for the bank safe, you may bet, or he wouldn't have run. He's a jumper, too, or he'd have broken his neck or a leg when he took that header from the window. We'll go round there, and take a look at those tracks in the snow."

They went to the spot from which the man had

leaped from the window, and there found the imprints of his feet in the snow, and the trail he made across the lot to the street, where he had been seen by Jack to emerge. There, of course, the trail was lost, for the snow was packed like adamant by the feet of many passers.

"He went down that way," said Jack, pointing out the direction.

"Follow him, and look out for yourself," said Kennedy, "and I'll go back, and have a look through the alley. I'll call up Snodgrass and the bank cashier, and then I'll get some fellows to help me watch. Whoever he is, if he's a stranger here, he'll not get out of the town as easy as he got into it."

Kennedy hurried away, and Jack Lightfoot walked rapidly in the direction he had seen the man take; but the result, both for himself and Kennedy, was unsatisfactory.

"Could it have been Boralmo?" said Jack to himself, beginning to waver in his belief. "He seemed to know just what he would find at the top of that stairway, and that he would be able to get out into the yard by that window. Would Boralmo have known that?"

CHAPTER II.

JACK CALLS ON REEL SNODGRASS.

The fact that, though the hour was late, Reel Snodgrass had not retired, was not a surprising thing in itself; yet when, in that hurried walk, Jack Lightfoot came in sight of the Snodgrass residence, and saw a light in Reel's room, he made up his mind to drop in on Reel for a few moments.

Entering the yard, and going round to the side door, Jack knocked softly. Reel's room was on the ground floor there, and looked out over the yard, now snow-covered.

Reel came to the door, and his face flushed when he saw Jack; but it was a flush of pleasure, rather than of surprise or fear.

"Ah, come in, Lightfoot!" he said cordially, putting out his hand. "I was just thinking of you."

He pushed the door open wider, and Jack went in. Reel closed the door, and dropped into a chair.

"Draw up to the register," he invited; "it's snapping cold out to-night. This will close up those treacherous ice-holes on the lake, won't it? I was out there this evening, practising for all I was worth. It's a good thing the lake froze over after the snow came. A snowfall on the ice spoils the skating. Now it's

just fine. You ought to have seen me smashing at a puck out there. I was trying to imagine myself in that hockey match. We fellows are going to lay it all over your team when the time comes."

"Think so?" said Jack.

He saw that if Boralmo was in Cranford, Reel did not know it, and that made him think he must have been mistaken in his guess as to the identity of the man he had chased.

"I oughtn't to say it, perhaps," said Reel, smiling, "when you were kind enough to teach me about all I know of skating; but I really believe the academy has a team that's going to push yours hard. Phil says that we'll beat you, and he really thinks it. I'm banking on his opinion more than on my own."

Jack's thoughts were not on the hockey match so soon to be played by a team from the academy and a team from the high school. Phil Kirtland was the leader of the academy team, and Reel was on that team. Jack was the leader of the team of the high school.

"Say, America beats India all hollow for sport and fun," Reel went on enthusiastically. "I used to think we had some good sport in Bombay; but the winter sports you have here are corkers. Skating is the stuff. I feel sometimes as if I was a bird flying through the air, when I am going good. And then, the stimulating tingle of the frost. That's what puts the fire and ginger into a fellow. It's easy enough to see why the Northern races are superior to the Southern."

"I think America is all right myself," Jack answered. "Though, of course, I've not had the chance to judge, as you have."

"But you will have now," said Reel.

His face flushed a little, as Jack observed.

Reel did not need to put into words what he meant by that remark. Jack's father, after having been cast away on a lonely island in the South Pacific, where he had been so long a prisoner of the sea that he had been given up for dead, had returned recently, not only in good health and spirits, but with a fortune, the result of his wild and adventurous cruise to the far-off Pearl Islands.

That had been the chief sensation of the year in Cranford, though another—the downfall of Professor Sanderson—had ranked as a close second; and people were still talking of it, and seemed likely to continue to talk of it for the next twelve months.

The fact that Jack's father was now wealthy made a vast difference in the personal value of Jack himself, in the eyes of many people. Some, who had

openly spoken ill of him, and even persecuted him, now desired to be his friends. These people had discovered all at once that he possessed many fine traits which they did not dream he possessed before. Of the flatterers who sought to fawn on him unceasingly were Lily Livingston and her scheming mama, and Delancy Shelton, the rich young dude. In their eyes, Jack was worth while now; and Mrs. Livingston had even whispered to Lily that Jack would be a great "catch," in case she failed to land Delancy in her matrimonial net.

But his sudden accession of fortune, and the consequent rise from almost poverty to affluence, had produced no visible effect in Jack himself, nor in Jack's parents and sister. It is true that Jack's father was now talking of erecting a handsome residence in Cranford, and that he had been elaborating some large plans for Jack's education and future, yet that was all he had said or done to show that his financial status had changed.

It was this altered condition of things which Reel Snodgrass had in mind when he suggested that Jack would now have a chance to judge if other lands were better than America. Nor could Reel put away the unpleasant recollection that he and Boralmo had been wrecked on that South Sea island, and, having met Jack's father there, that Boralmo had run away with the only boat, taking Reel with him.

John Lightfoot did not hold Reel responsible for that; yet Reel knew that neither Jack nor his father had forgotten it, or could ever forget it.

"It doesn't seem that I shall have much of a chance for some time to do a great deal more of traveling," was Jack's answer to Reel's suggestion. "I am to go to a preparatory school, you know, to fit for college. Besides, I've been on flying trips to Florida and Canada recently."

"Yes, I know that."

Reel was getting farther and farther from the thing which was at the moment uppermost in Jack's mind, and Jack resolved now to bring him round to it by a straight question. So he said:

"Reel, is Boralmo in Cranford?"

This query came so suddenly and unexpectedly that Reel looked frightened. He stared at Jack, and his face turned pale.

"No," he answered. "What made you ask?"

"Because I saw a man to-night I thought looked like him."

"Where was that?" Reel queried, his voice a trifle shaky.

"In the alley back of the bank. When I started over toward the alley, he ran out of it and into that small street. He went up one of the stairways there, and jumped to the ground from a back window. Whoever he was, he seemed frightened, and he resembled Boralmo."

A flush of indignation swept now across Reel's tanned face. He was usually a handsome young fellow, athletic, darkly tanned, neatly dressed, and almost gentlemanly in appearance. But when that look flashed across his face, a tempestuous and fiery spirit blazed behind it, foreboding peril to any one against whom his wrath was aroused.

"Lightfoot," he said, his voice trembling, "I'm sorry you feel called on to think that every stranger who comes into Cranford and conducts himself in a suspicious manner may be Boralmo. I suppose you think that I must have been mixed up in the fellow's attempt on the bank, or his contemplated attempt, and that's why you came in here."

"Nothing of the kind," Jack protested; "but I did think that if Boralmo was in town, you might be aware of it."

"I don't think he's in town," Reel protested. "In fact, I think he is dead. You remember that he sailed away from Cranford in that balloon, the last time he was here, and that the balloon is supposed to have fallen into the sea. I think he was drowned then."

"You know I have never really thought he was, and you were never sure of it."

"No, I couldn't be sure of it, of course; but I'm almost dead certain he isn't in Cranford to-night; and, even if he is, I don't think it's quite fair for you to mix me up in anything he may be doing, even in your mind."

"If you discover that he is here, will you let me know it?" Jack asked.

Reel's face still held that hot flush.

"N-no," he said, hesitating, "I wouldn't tell you, nor any one, even if I knew he was here. I'll be frank with you. Boralmo is a rascal; and yet I owe him a good many things. He brought me here, you know. It's worth something to be brought to such a town as Cranford."

He tried to say that last in a jocular way, but it was a failure.

"If you were in my place, you wouldn't tell a thing like that," he insisted.

Jack arose to go.

"But, Lightfoot," said Reel, rising also, while his tone changed, "I want to do the square thing by you,

you know. I've told you that often enough to make you feel sure that I mean it. You've helped me a lot. You've given me points about skating, the same as Phil Kirtland has, and some of the other fellows. And I'm under great obligations to you in many ways. I want to keep myself straight, and hold the good opinion of the Cranford people."

He hooked a trembling finger into a buttonhole of Jack's coat.

"So, unless you're dead sure Boralmo is here, and is trying to do dirt, don't speak of him to any one, and keep my name out of it, anyway. I don't think he is here; but, if he is, remember that I've cut loose from him."

"I shan't say anything further about it, unless he is certainly seen; that is, I shan't speak to any one outside of our family, and to Tom and Lafe. Kennedy may do a little talking, though."

"I'm sorry you told Kennedy about it."

"I thought I ought to."

"I mean I'm sorry you named Boralmo. Kennedy could have watched the bank and the streets without having Boralmo in mind. That's what I mean. I'm sorry you mentioned Boralmo."

Jack was almost sorry himself he had done that, as he left the house, and went on home, thinking of that flushed face and shaking voice.

If Reel had really cut loose from Boralmo, and was trying to live on the level, Jack Lightfoot was the last person who would put a straw in his way.

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERIOUS ATTACK.

Jack Lightfoot was no more than at home, and in the shed-room back of the house—he had not yet entered the house itself—when a thing occurred which was as startling and suggestive as anything which had happened that evening.

He heard a sudden, loud cry from the street, followed by a blow, a fall, and then groans.

Jack threw open the shed-room door, and ran along the path at the side of the house until he came to the paling gate. Throwing this open, he dashed into the street. At the same time, he heard a stir in the house, and the voice of his father asking what was the matter.

At the point where the alley came out to the sidewalk, a form was lying, and back in the alley some one was running.

Jack hurried to the form lying prone on the snow.

When he lifted the head, and sought to turn the body over, he was astonished and alarmed to discover that it was his cousin Tom. Blood was flowing from Tom's mouth, and had stained the snow.

Jack's loud cry summoned his father, and, close at the heels of John Lightfoot, came Daisy and her mother.

"It's Tom!" cried Jack, lifting Tom by the shoulders, and supporting his head. "Some one knocked him down here, and then ran up the alley. I didn't get to see who did it."

Daisy screamed, when she saw the blood on the snow:

"He's killed!"

"I think not," said Jack, trying to remain calm, though his brain was whirling. "We must get him into the house, and send for a doctor."

Daisy ran back into the house, to telephone for Doctor Messenger, while Jack and his father lifted Tom, and bore him into the house. Mrs. Lightfoot ran on before, and was getting a cot ready as they carried him into the lower back room.

Tom groaned, and put up his hand in a wavering way, as if to ward off a blow, as they placed him on the cot.

They could hear Daisy frantically ringing the telephone bell in the other room.

Jack now brought water, and, when they began to sprinkle it in Tom's face, he threw up his hand again, as if to ward off a blow.

Jack was doing some rapid thinking. He observed that Tom was dressed somewhat like himself; and, as the reader knows, the resemblance of the cousins was considerable. Jack was taller and stronger; but in the night, and to a man who was not well acquainted with them, the mistake of thinking that Tom was Jack would not have been singular.

Before Doctor Messenger came, Tom had recovered sufficiently to sit up on the cot and tell what he knew of the cowardly assault which had been made on him. That was not much. He had crossed the alley, and was coming on to the house, when he heard a light step behind him. As he turned to see who was there, he was hit a smashing blow in the back of the head.

"It knocked me flat, and, if I hadn't dodged as it fell, I guess I'd have got it even heavier."

Jack, going out and looking about at the mouth of the alley, came back with a heavy piece of iron, which he had picked up there.

Doctor Messenger inspected that piece of iron curiously, and then reexamined the wound in Tom's head.

It was a heavy bruise, with but a slight cut; the blood on the snow had come from his lips, which his teeth had bitten as he fell.

"I think the wound was made with that iron," said Messenger, speaking slowly. "If the blow had fallen right, it probably would have been fatal."

"The question is," said John Lightfoot, "who would attack him in that way?"

Jack did not speak, in answer to this, until the doctor had gone away. Then he had a story to tell, and a theory to propound. The reader is acquainted with the story. The theory was this:

"Wasn't the man Boralmo? Didn't he come down here to waylay me, and, by mistake, took Tom for me? If not Boralmo, wasn't it the man, whoever he was, that I chased from behind the bank?"

John Lightfoot, already indignant that any one should thus assault Tom, trembled, and sat down looking blankly at Jack; for, up to this time, Jack had not spoken of Boralmo. Mr. Lightfoot's eyes blazed, and his face grew pallid.

Mrs. Lightfoot was affected equally, but in a different way. She looked startled and scared.

"Jack," said Mr. Lightfoot, in a tone Jack had never heard his father use, "I hope Boralmo isn't here and that I may never see him again; for, if I do, I know that I shall commit murder. I know that if we ever come face to face I shall kill him, if he does not kill me!"

He heaved a sigh, and the color came slowly into his face again; and then he turned to Tom, as if to get away from the murderous thought that had burned like a sudden fire in his brain.

"Getting on all right, Tommy?" he asked.

Tom was sitting up, but there was a bandage round his head, and he looked sick and white. His parents had been telephoned to some time before, and his father or some one was expected to appear soon with a carriage.

"Oh, I'm all right!" he said cheerily. "I wish I knew, though, who knocked me down out there."

"Your head doesn't ache?"

"Oh, yes, it aches, good and hard; but that isn't anything. I'm glad I didn't have my skull cracked. I might have, you know; and Doctor Messenger says I came near it."

"Have you any enemies who would do a thing of that kind?" asked John Lightfoot anxiously.

"I don't think so; I don't know of any. There are some fellows who don't like me any too well, but I shouldn't think they'd try to do me up in this way."

"It couldn't have been some one who wanted to put you out of that hockey game?" asked Daisy.

She was seated in a chair, looking earnestly at Tom, who had taken little part in the conversation. Jack's sister was a handsome girl, and she looked so even now, though her eyes were rather too bright and her face too pale.

"I don't think so," Tom answered.

"Some queer things have been done, you know, in that line."

"I'm not such a grand player that any one would want to put me out of a game in that way."

He laughed, in spite of his aching head and the mystery of the attack made on him.

"But they might want to do up Jack that way," he added humorously. "Jack's the wonder of the Lightfoot family."

Then he added, with a sudden change of manner:

"But what I actually think is that it was some one who believed he was attacking Jack. And, if Boralmo is really in town, then my guess is that the fellow was Boralmo."

"Jack's got to stay in the house the rest of the night," said Mrs. Lightfoot. "Let Kennedy and his deputies guard the bank, and watch for that man, if he is here."

John Lightfoot rose, and began to walk about the room, his face again white.

"You're not going out, John?" Mrs. Lightfoot asked nervously.

"No," he said, and he dropped into his chair. "I should like to, but I don't dare to; I shouldn't dare to meet that man, knowing what would happen then to one or both of us."

Carriage wheels ground in the snow, and the stamp of hoofs was heard in the street. Tom's father had come.

CHAPTER IV.

REEL'S SECOND CALLER.

Old Mr. Snodgrass, whom Reel claimed as his uncle, had gone to bed long before, and lay dreaming of bank stocks and interest, and other things financial, while Reel sat staring into the light of his lamp, and thinking of what Jack Lightfoot had said, when a subdued rap sounded on the outer door of Reel's room.

Reel rose with a start, and went to the door, drawing it aside but an inch or so, and looking out cautiously.

A man wrapped in a heavy overcoat stood there—a man with a keen, dark face, burning black eyes, and a pointed beard. But for those fiery eyes, Reel would have been ready to declare he had never seen the man before. Yet in an instant, though the change was great, he knew this man; and knew that Jack Lightfoot had been right in saying that Boralmo was again in Cranford.

Reel's hand shook nervously on the knob of the door as he stared down into those burning eyes.

"Why don't you invite me in?" the man asked, in a smooth, oily voice. "You don't seem glad to see me."

"May the devil——"

"May he be good to me, or take care of his own? That's right; I like to have a strong friend somewhere, and he's said to have a considerable influence in this world."

He slid under Reel's arm, and squeezed into the room.

Reel turned about, startled and staring, then closed the door, locking it, and slipping the bolt into place.

Boralmo laughed.

"That's right—bolt the cold out. It's warm in here. How I hate the cold! That's one reason I like Bombay—none of this infernal snow and cold and ice in your blood half the time."

He drew a chair close up to the register, and put not only his hands, but his nose down close to the rising heat.

Reel sank limply into a chair.

"Why did you come here again?" he asked hoarsely. "I thought you were dead—drowned in the sea!"

"You mean you hoped so."

"I thought so—everybody thought so; but I might have known you weren't. But your balloon did fall into the sea?"

"Did it? I thought it landed in that bit of woods south of Malapan River. I dreamed that the fellow who went away in it buried it in the bog over there, and then quietly got out of the country. But, of course, if the people here are sure that it went into the sea, it would be a pity to undeceive them."

"You were seen to-night," said Reel.

"So he's been here, has he?"

He twisted round, and looked at Reel.

"He came here and scared you, did he, by telling you that he had seen me? That's bad, in a way. If I'd known that, I think I shouldn't have done what I did awhile ago. The whole town will be yelping 'Boralmo!' before morning. And that tells me that I

must say what I've got to say to you without further delay."

"What has happened?" Reel asked, fearing the worst.

"You will learn in the morning."

Reel started nervously, and then, leaning forward, looked Boralmo full in the face.

"Have you done anything to Jack Lightfoot?"

"What I've done, or haven't done, you'll find out in the morning."

"If you have," said Reel, his voice shaky, "it will mean that you'll be hounded to your death! You haven't heard the news, perhaps; but John Lightfoot has returned from the South Pacific with a fortune."

An ashy-gray pallor crept into the face of Boralmo. For a moment he did not speak.

"Then he escaped from that island?"

"Yes, and he brought home a fortune in pearls and pearl shell. He is now one of the richest men in the country. And——"

"You've seen him—have met him?"

"Yes; and he told me that, if he ever came across you, he would kill you on sight."

"And hang for it!" said Boralmo, with a hard, mirthless laugh.

He warmed his hands again over the register, and shook as if the chill of the outer air was still in his blood.

"I don't fear him, nor any one. If we meet, he will be the one to die. And I defy the officers to catch me. But I didn't think he would ever escape from that island. I didn't do that work thoroughly."

Reel was leaning back in his chair, surveying this strange man, his face as pale as Boralmo's.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean that, before I took that boat from the island, leaving the men there without any way of escaping, I ought to have slain every one of them. If I had done that, none could ever have risen to trouble me."

The cold-blooded heartlessness of this man made Reel shiver.

"But I was a fool. I was too kind-hearted. I let them live, and this is the result. Reel, let this be a warning to you."

"In what way?"

"If ever any one rises in your path, put him out of it in such a manner that he can't come back into it again. I was too tender-hearted."

That ashy-gray pallor was still in his face when he looked up. And what he said now was startling enough to make Reel catch his breath with a gasp.

"I think I killed Jack Lightfoot awhile ago."

Reel half rose from his chair, with a startled cry.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You don't mean it? I was afraid you had done something to him."

"Yes, I think I killed him, there in that alley by his house, as he was going home. I couldn't stay to see if I'd made a success of the job, for they heard him in the house as he cried out and fell, and then I had to run for it; but I know I struck hard enough, and with a piece of iron. If his head isn't split open, it must be harder than the iron I hammered it with."

"They'll hang you for that!" Reel gasped.

"If they catch me."

"They'll catch you. For God's sake, get out of the town at once, while you can! They'll be here right away after you, and I know it."

Boralmo again laughed in that mirthless way.

"You're frightened. Why don't you remain cool, as I do?"

Yet his hands shook as he stretched them out over the register.

Then both he and Reel gave a nervous start as a rap sounded on the door.

A voice sounded outside.

"It's Kennedy!" whispered Reel, rising.

Boralmo stooped, and, gliding across the room like a shadow, slipped through a door there, and disappeared into another room.

Reel rose, and went to admit Kennedy.

Kennedy kicked the snow from his shoes, and stamped into the room.

"It's cold out," he said.

Reel's face was white.

"Have a chair?"

"I don't keer to set down," Kennedy answered. "I just dropped in to tell you that somebody knocked Tom Lightfoot on the head awhile ago, as he was goin' down to call on Jack. It was at the alley there, close by the house. The feller struck with an iron, but Tom dodged, and didn't get the full force of it, and he's still in the land of the livin', though Doctor Messenger says that, if the blow had fell just right, he would have been killed. I thought I'd drop in and tell you."

He looked about the room.

"Haven't seen any stranger about the street, or anywheres, to-night?"

"No," Reel replied, getting control of himself, and stooping to monkey with the register, that the white-

ness of his face might not be seen. "That's too bad about Tom! Who do you think did it?"

"Well, there was a feller seen behind the bank by Jack, and it may have been him. Nobody knows."

"Where is Tom?"

"They took him home. He'll be all right soon, the doctor says. The blow didn't land right to do much damage. Knocked him out for awhile, though."

Kennedy made a few more remarks, and asked some unimportant questions, and went out; and Boralmo came creeping back into the room, after he was sure Kennedy was gone.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE POWER OF THE HYPNOTIST.

"That man is a fool!"

"Not a bigger one than you are, if you don't get right out of Cranford," was Reel's answer. "I think he's outside now, watching the house."

"What did he come for? He didn't make a search for me, if he thought I was here."

"I think he came to see how I would take that bit of information. I'm afraid my face gave me away, though I tried to act natural."

"I think he's a fool!"

"I only hope he isn't watching round outside."

The tone of Reel's voice changed now, and his tanned face flushed.

"And I wish you wouldn't mix me in any of your plans. You were hanging round that bank. Jack Lightfoot saw you. You tried to kill him for that, and tackled the wrong fellow. Kennedy is looking for you, and that's why he came here to my room. If you care anything for me, as you claim you do at times, why don't you keep away from Cranford?"

"I have to come back to see you now and then. I have come back even from the dead, you know, for that purpose."

There was a wicked smile on his face. He did not like this changed attitude of Reel.

"You'll get us both into trouble," Reel urged. "I am trying to sail a clear course here, and you won't let me."

"Curses on that Jack Lightfoot!" Boralmo broke out furiously.

"Don't speak so loud—you may wake up Mr. Snodgrass."

"Oh, your precious 'uncle'!"

He glanced round, and lowered his voice.

"You're trying to stand in with Jack Lightfoot,

because it's the thing to do, I suppose. He's It, since his father returned with that fortune. But I know you don't like him."

"I like him at times," Reel answered; "at other times I hate him."

Boralmo walked over, and squatted again in the chair by the register; and there he turned round, after warming his hands, and stared hard at Reel with his burning black eyes. His dark face was still pale. Reel trembled a little when he observed that fixed gaze, and sought to turn his head away.

"Look at me!" Boralmo commanded, in a low, tense voice.

"But I don't want to."

"Look at me!"

Reel shivered, but there was something compelling in the man's voice, and he looked Boralmo squarely in the eyes.

"That's right."

"I hope you won't try to hypnotize me!" Reel urged, shivering again. "Please don't do that."

"I'll do as I please. Now, look at me, while I tell you a few things that you seem to have forgotten. It's plain that you hoped I was dead—that I was drowned in the sea. And that shows that you've been growing away from me. You've forgotten what you owe to me."

"I haven't forgotten anything."

Reel's voice trembled.

"You've forgotten everything! You've forgotten how I found you in Bombay, little better than a beggar rat in the streets, after the real Boralmo died; and that if I hadn't taken you in charge, you'd have been there now, in all your filth and misery. You've forgotten that I put you in school there, and have taught you about everything you know, or ever will know, you ungrateful dog! You've forgotten that it was I who put you on the track of this fortune, which you'll get some day from your 'Uncle' Snodgrass, and that I brought you here, so that you could get it. You've forgotten that, when that steamer was wrecked in the Pacific, you would have been drowned there, if it hadn't been for me; and that when we were cast on that island, where we found John Lightfoot, and those other wretches, that it was I who brought you safely away with me. Yes, you've forgotten everything."

Reel was struggling against the influence that he already felt oppressing him.

In spite of the fact that the words contained a certain bitterness, the tone Boralmo was using was a

sort of singsong, like that which Reel had heard the snake-charmers of India use many a time in Bombay.

"I've been trying to do what is right," Reel protested, seeking to fight off the drowsiness that was already coming over him.

"You've forgotten everything," Boralmo repeated. "Even when I came here to-night, pursued, and seeking safety, you would have turned me from the door, if you had dared."

"No," said Reel; "I wouldn't have done that."

"You would protect me?"

"Yes, always."

Reel knew that he was trying not to say this; yet knew, also, that he said it.

But even this feeble resistance to the will of a man who was one of the most powerful hypnotists gradually yielded, as Boralmo went on with his singsong words, his bright eyes fixing Reel's wavering ones, and then seeming to shoot their baleful light down deep into the youth's very soul.

"It is my will," said Boralmo, "that you should always protect me, and always seek my good, against every one. You understand that?"

"Yes," Reel replied now.

"You will always seek to help me and protect me, no matter at what cost to yourself?"

"Yes."

"I made a mistake to-night; it was Tom Lightfoot I tried to kill, and thought I killed, instead of Jack Lightfoot. Jack Lightfoot is my greatest enemy in Cranford. He must be your greatest enemy, too."

"Yes."

"You admit that?"

"Yes."

"Tell me where John Lightfoot keeps his money?"

"Most of it in banks."

"I was afraid so. He doesn't keep it at home?"

"Not much of it, I think."

"It isn't all in the Cranford bank?"

"I think not; only a small part of it. He has invested in stocks and bonds and other securities, and I think he has deposits in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

"Spreads it around, does he? Wise man! But you know something about the new combination to the safe of the bank here?"

"I know nothing about it."

"I told you to get it for me."

"But I thought you were dead."

"You hoped I was dead?"

"Yes."

Boralmo smiled.

"I thought so. Well, I'm pretty much alive, and a good many others will find that out, as well as you. You're sorry I'm not dead?"

"Hardly that. I'm sorry you came back to Cranford."

"But I'm here now, and you've got to do what I tell you."

"Yes."

Reel had ceased to struggle against that malevolent influence. He sat rigid in his chair, looking straight into those fiery eyes without the movement of an eyelash, while his face had grown almost as white as marble, in spite of its tan. His features were fixed and rigid, and he seemed not even to breathe. He was in the power of the great hypnotist.

"And this is what I tell you to do," Boralmo went on. "You're to consider Jack Lightfoot your enemy; but you're not to let him know it. You're to pretend to be his friend always. But, at the same time, you must seek in some way to kill him. To kill him, do you understand?"

"Yes."

"That's it—get that idea firmly fixed in your mind. You are to kill him, no matter what it costs you. That boy has got to be put out of the way. If you can do it in some game or sport, so much the better, for then it will be an 'accident.' A great many accidents happen in these rough American sports. The season of football is over, or you might have a chance that way. Get on some team that is opposing him, or even on his own team, if you can; and then—kill him! Get on the hockey team. You will be able to skate as the birds fly, and win games by your wonderful play."

He spoke the words with a low, fierce emphasis.

"Yes," said Reel placidly.

"You will do it?"

"Yes."

"There must be no failure."

"No."

"And you will kill Jack Lightfoot the first chance you get?"

"Yes."

"Remember, now, that you have not seen me in Cranford, and do not know that I am here; you do not know where I am, or anything about me, or even that I am living. You understand? You are not to remember that you have met me, or anything about this."

"Yes."

Five minutes later, Reel shivered, put out his arms and legs, and, stretching himself, seemed to awaken in his chair.

He stared round the empty room. The lamp was burning on the stand, but no one was to be seen.

"Great scissors!" he exclaimed, as he thus looked about. "I must have been asleep! Yes, and I've had an awful dream. I can't remember it very well, but it was something fearful. Let's see, what was it? Oh, yes; I dreamed that Boralmo was here."

He caught sight of his white face in the mirror, and, rising, stared at himself in the glass.

"A regular old nightmare, and it scared me good. Gee! I'm shaking like a leaf, and my face is as white as a sheet. I hope I don't dream that way again. That's because I let myself fall asleep in the chair, instead of going to bed."

He looked at his watch.

"Almost midnight."

He went over to a closet, and, taking from it a bottle, poured out for himself a drink of brandy.

Having swallowed this, he came back to the register, and stood there, looking about the room, which was growing cold.

"I'll have to go to bed. But I don't see how I can sleep, after that. Certainly that was the worst ever! I'm as shaky as an old toper. Boralmo! The very thought of him puts my nerves in a flutter."

He walked over to the window, and, drawing the shade aside, stood looking out into the night. There was no moon, but the snow made the night rather bright, and the stars twinkled, for the electric lights did not reach this part of the yard.

"Of all the nightmares, that was the worst!" he groaned, still shivering.

Then he began to undress for bed.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE LAKE.

Boralmo had dropped out of sight. The bank had not been raided. The man seen by Jack had not been seen again, and Kennedy began to think that Jack's lively imagination had led him astray.

There was only one thing to sustain Jack's belief that he had seen Boralmo, and this was the attack on Tom Lightfoot. That could not be set aside with mere words. Some one had knocked Tom down with a heavy piece of iron, and Tom's head showed the result.

Aside from that bruise and cut, Tom was almost

himself again. His quickness and activity in dodging the blow had saved him from something quite serious. And, although he was not as strong as before the attack, he began to think he would be able to take part in the hockey match.

The opinion that the assault on Tom had its basis in the desire of some one to remove him from the hockey game, or by some one who had a personal spite against him, became in a little while the accepted theory.

Phil Kirtland started it.

"Jack's always seeing ghosts and things," he said, when he heard that Jack had seen Boralmo, and that the latter had assaulted Tom at the alley, in mistake for Jack. "And he's always fancying that some one is trying to do him up."

"I don't know but he's had cause to think it," said Brodie Strawn, to whom Phil was speaking.

"You're standing up for him, are you?" questioned Phil, with a flash of anger in his dark eyes.

"No, but it's a fact. See what Sanderson did."

"But he was crazy."

"Maybe the fellow that struck Tom was crazy."

To Phil and Brodie and many others, the downfall of Professor Sanderson, the head of the academy, the school which they attended, had come as a stunning shock. Sanderson had always been an enemy of Jack Lightfoot, no one knew just why; and then John Lightfoot, returning home from his long absence, had exposed the wily professor as a criminal who had done time in prison, and had been his personal and deadly enemy.*

A new man was in Sanderson's place at the academy, but the school showed the evil effects of that exposure of Sanderson, and a number of students had withdrawn. The academy had lost prestige. Phil and Brodie were still students there, but did not know how long they might remain so; and the hockey team of the academy was still headed by Phil as captain.

"No matter what Sanderson did," said Phil, "it's my opinion that Jack never saw Boralmo. He's dead, I'm sure—drowned that time when the balloon went into the sea. He couldn't have escaped. The fellow that tried to knock Tom's block off was some one who had a grudge against him, or some one who didn't want him to play in this game of hockey."

Tom was an academy boy still, and on Phil's team; and, of course, he would be opposed to Jack in the game, if he played in it.

Phil had a bit of spite in his make-up, and a good deal of jealousy; still, he was altogether too manly to say that he thought one of Jack's friends might have made that assault on Tom. Yet this is what certain other people began to say—people who did not like Jack, and who were always glad to say bitter or hateful things against him or his chums.

Jack heard some of the comment of the town on the subject of the attack on Tom Lightfoot. He still had his own opinion concerning the matter. He had at first wavered a little, wondering if he could have been mistaken about seeing Boralmo; but now, since that assault, his opinion was firmly grounded that he had seen that rascal, and that the attack had been made by Boralmo, and was aimed at him. Jack Lightfoot had a level head, and, as a rule, reasoned to quick and sure conclusions.

Yet he was willing to admit, to those who doubted his belief, that he might have been mistaken.

In a second talk which Jack had with Reel, the latter declared he knew Jack was mistaken, and that Boralmo was not in Cranford.

Jack went out to the lake that day more than once, and in the afternoon put his hockey team through some practise work.

Going down there again, shortly before nightfall, he fell in with Nellie Conner on the way. Nellie had her skates, and was bound for the lake. She smiled brightly when Jack called to her and came running toward her.

"The ice is fine," she said, "and I thought I'd go down for a few minutes."

Nellie Conner was one of the prettiest girls in Cranford—with a sweet, serious manner, yet with lovely blue eyes, that danced at times with merriment.

Jack walked on with her down to the lake.

There he put her skates on for her, and together they skated out over the ice. As Reel had said, the snow had fallen before the latest freeze, and, because of that, the ice was clear and smooth, with a glassy brightness of surface, and the skaters sped over it with the greatest ease, making skating one of the finest of sports and pleasures.

"They tell me you're going away," said Nellie, flashing Jack a look as they sped on past the point where the hockey match was to be played the next afternoon.

"You're sorry?"

"Of course I'm sorry."

Her face flushed, and Jack's did the same.

"Well, I'm sorry to go away."

*See No. 45, "Jack Lightfoot's Triumph."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Because I think I ought to. I'm anxious to get an education. I want to fit myself for college. Father and mother and Daisy are all anxious to have me do that, too. But I hate to leave Cranford."

"The place will be like a graveyard, after you're gone," she said. "The academy seems to be almost broken up since that happened to Professor Sander-son, and——"

"And what?"

"Some of the students have already left the academy; and, with you gone from the high school, and perhaps some of the others, where will be the games and the fine times we've always had?"

"Oh, it's the games you're going to miss?" said Jack, looking slyly at her as she skated at his side.

"You know it isn't that altogether. I—we all—hate to think of you leaving."

"Do you really hate to have me go very much, Nellie?" he asked, when they had skated up round Tiger Point.

She turned on him her serious blue eyes.

"Very much, Jack."

For a time, he said nothing, but took her hand as they skated on. All at once he began to realize just what it would mean to leave Cranford.

"Nellie," he said, and he knew that his face was hot and flushed, and that he had a strange sense of sudden longing, "I didn't know that——"

"Oh, there is Kate!" Nellie cried suddenly, a queer thrill in her voice.

"I was going to say I didn't know that my friends would feel so badly about my going away," Jack went on, completing his sentence. "Yes, that's Kate. She has seen us. Lafe and Ned Skeen are with her."

Nellie's face paled, then flushed again, and then she waved her mittened hand to Kate Strawn. Kate came up, with her skates grinding. Her fine, dark eyes were sparkling, and her dark cheeks were like roses from the cold. She had thrown the fur boa back from her throat, but swung in one hand a big black muff.

"Oh, it's just splendid!" she exclaimed. "We've been away up to the end of the lake. I don't think I've ever seen the ice so fine."

"This will be O. K. for that hockey match," remarked Lafe.

"Great!" said Skeen.

"Let's take a turn round the lake, or across it," Kate suggested.

Then they were away, all of them; and whatever Jack had meant to say to Nellie was left unsaid.

Perhaps it was as well so, for he had fallen into a sudden, sentimental mood, which was not conducive to clear thinking.

It was after dark before the merry party of young people skated back.

As they swung round Tiger Point, and beheld before them the twinkling lights of the town, they saw some one rise up from the ice near the spot where the hockey match was to be played.

"Some fellow slipped and fell there, I guess," suggested Skeen. "If he'd waited, we could have helped him up."

"He's gone like a scared rabbit," said Lafe. "Jimmy crickets, I don't suppose he could have been up to anything? He was right by that old air-hole. It closed only yesterday, you know."

They skated to the spot where they had seen the skater rise from the ice.

"See that!" cried Jack, gliding forward and picking up something.

He held it up.

"It's a little wedge, like those the ice-cutters use sometimes to spread the ice apart when they're sawing it."

He glanced around, but the light was not very good, and he did not care to venture near that old air-hole, even though it had been pronounced safe.

"If he was up to any dirt, we came in time to scare him away," Ned Skeen remarked.

"But he could come back," said Kate.

"We can examine the ice here to-morrow," said Jack. "We can see then if anything has been done to it."

He dropped the little wedge into his pocket.

Then they skated on, speculating as to the meaning of the discovery, if it had any.

CHAPTER VII.

ICE HOCKEY.

In the crowd that watched the hockey match the next afternoon was Borlamo, unrecognized by all there. He wore shabby clothing; and, instead of appearing as the dark-haired and dark-faced man already described, he sported a sandy wig and beard, and the application of some reddish pigment to his face, in addition, had changed him to a tangle-whiskered, long-haired, rural-looking fellow. To any who spoke to him, he said his name was Silas Skaggs, and that he

had a farm near Cardiff, which he had recently bought, and that, happening to be in Cranford, he thought he would come down and see this "dinged newfangled game."

Jack and some of his friends, including Lafe and Ned Skeen, had gone down to the lake early in the morning, to see what they could discover.

All they found that could bolster their theory that some one had intended cutting an ice hole was a faint mark or two, which seemed to have been made preliminary to running a saw through the ice there.

Yet the ice had not been sawed.

"We frightened him away, and he was afraid to come back, thinking probably that the ice would be watched after that."

"Why should any one have wanted to cut the ice?" was asked by some one who did not know what the boys suspected.

Jack thought of Boralmo, but did not speak of him. It was also the opinion of Lafe and Tom that Boralmo was the one who had been on the ice there the evening before, and had run when seen; but they, too, kept still on the subject.

Everybody else talked, and the guesses of one person were as good as those of another.

Kennedy was still watching for Boralmo, and he had come down to the ice to view the hockey game; yet never once did he turn his eyes toward the pretended countryman, who stood in the crowd of spectators grouped round the players.

Reel Snodgrass was on Phil Kirtland's academy team, and his playing that afternoon was something phenomenal. It was a most astonishing thing that this young fellow, who had never set a pair of skates on his feet before that fall, could that day for a time outskate and outmaneuver even the best of the players of Cranford, who had been year after year on the ice.

The line-up of the teams was this:

HIGH SCHOOL.	POSITION.	ACADEMY.
Lafe Lampton.....	Goal	Brodie Strawn
Bob Brewster.....	Point	Connie Lynch
Arlo Kilfoyle.....	Cover Point	Ben Henderson
Saul Messenger.....	Right Center	Tom Lightfoot
Jubal Marlin.....	Right Wing	Wilson Crane
Ned Skeen.....	Left Wing	Reel Snodgrass
Jack Lightfoot.....	Left Center	Phil Kirtland

The high-school boys had let the puck be taken away from them. Reel Snodgrass had done the trick, and now, skating with it, and going like the wind, he leaped squarely over the head of Jubal Marlin, who opposed him, shooting the rubber along as he did so, and catching it with his stick again as he

came down; and then, by a wonderful drive, shooting it for goal.

Kilfoyle, Brewster, and Lampton tried to block it, but it passed them, and went between the flags.

A yell of triumph swelled from the throats of the backers of the academy team.

"No flyin'!" yelled Jubal, his face flushed by the exercise, and by the fact that he had lost the puck. "Wings is barred in this game! That feller flew right over my head, b'jings! and I'm kickin' about it."

Jubal tried to grin, but that deafening storm of applause given by the academy adherents made it a thing not easy.

Phil Kirtland was pleased in one way. That was the first time the puck had been sent between the flags, and it counted for his side; but he was not wholly pleased by the fact that Reel Snodgrass was doing the most brilliant playing of any fellow on the ice.

The "countryman" was smiling in his thick beard.

"If I'd hypnotize Reel a little more, I believe he could really fly, as that Yankee yawper claims he did. There's nothing like it. I've known of a hypnotized person being thrown into the water, who couldn't swim, and he struck out like a professional. It's all in the mind, in my opinion. I've made Reel believe he's the best skater and player on this pond, and he's making good, just because he believes he is."

Reel's face was worth a study, if any one had thought to give time to it just then. It showed pleasure, confidence, daring, determination, and a fiery zeal and earnestness that were surprising. However, it did not astonish Boralmo. It was what he had expected. He would have been surprised if the result had been different.

The puck was faced again in the center, between the sticks of Phil Kirtland and Jack Lightfoot.

At the signal, Jack secured the puck, and shot it along the ice. Saul Messenger obtained it, then lost it to Tom Lightfoot, and Tom tried to rush it toward the high-school goal. Tom's head was bound up with a handkerchief, but his recent injury seemed not to incapacitate him any now.

There were cries of "Off-side," but no one was penalized.

To escape the dash of the defenders of the high-school goal, Wilson shot the puck to the left wing, then leaped over it, as it came back, and lifted it for goal.

It passed Bob Brewster and Arlo Kilfoyle, but Lafe Lampton was the right man in the right place.

He blocked it, and it came bouncing back. Skates were grinding and sticks poking and striking.

Then, out of the midst of the mass of players and swinging hockey sticks, Reel Snodgrass again snatched the bit of rubber. He shot it ahead of him, and, swinging in swiftly behind it, he lifted it for goal.

A yell rose again, but it was premature; for once more reliable old Lafe blocked the puck.

Jack was lightning-quick on skates, and, as the puck came back from Lafe, being sent skipping by a stroke from Kilfoyle's stick, Jack drove into the midst of the players, hooked the rubber out, skated on with it, fairly flying, and then shot it at the flags. Brodie tried to block it, and failed; and Jack had scored for the high school, tying the score.

The cheers of the high-school enthusiasts rang out over the ice.

"Reel ought to have kept him from doing that," was the thought of Boralmo, and he was not pleased.

But, a little later, he was again willing to admit that Reel's playing was the best he had ever seen.

Jack Lightfoot had secured the puck, and sent it flying. Tom had stopped it, and had driven it back, when Reel, skating right in ahead of Tom, swinging low down, and going like the wind, poked the puck out in advance, and then, dribbling it, sent it flying once more for the goal.

It passed Arlo Kilfoyle almost before he knew it was coming.

Bob Brewster and Lafe Lampton made desperate and ineffective efforts to block it; but it went by them, too, and another time Reel had driven it between the flags.

The fiery eyes of Boralmo blazed with pride and excitement, as he saw that and heard the yells of the enthusiastic academy backers.

"That's what hypnotism will do!" he muttered, in his thick, false beard. "He thinks he can do anything, and so he carried it through. That shows the superiority of mind. It's a thing I always believed in; and it's the thing that has given me whatever success I've had. I've always believed I could do the things I've tried; and that has reacted and made me able to do them. Some people have said I'm lucky. Bah—luck! It's mind—mind! Nothing but the power of the mind and the power of the will. I have given to Reel to-day my will, and he sees things as I'm always trying to see them—not as difficulties to feaze him, but as difficulties that can be easily overcome. And so he, who knew nothing about skating a year ago, carries off the honors here to-day."

Boralmo drew his neck down into his overcoat, and pulled his greasy hat down farther over his fiery eyes; he feared there might be some change in his face or eyes that would attract attention. But no one was looking at him. All were watching the playing, or cheering the players.

When the whistle blew and ended the first half of the game, the academy was in the lead, for it had twice sent the puck between the flags—Reel making both plays—and the high school had sent the puck there but once.

CHAPTER VIII.

REEL'S ATTACK.

Phil Kirtland came up to Reel, in the interval between the two halves, and patted him on the shoulder. Phil could appreciate good playing, and was proud of the fact that his team was in the lead. And, though he was wishing sincerely that he had made those wonderful plays, he knew it was the part of a good captain to encourage the man who had done the work.

So he said:

"Reel, you're a wonder! I wouldn't have believed you could get round that way and do such fine work, if I hadn't seen it. You've outplayed every one on the ice here to-day."

Reel smiled. His tanned face was pale, and he was breathing heavily. It was a marvel to him, as to the others, that he had done such great work. He marveled also at the self-confidence he possessed. He had never felt so before. Now his feet were as if winged, his sight as keen as an eagle's, his stroke sure, his ability to dodge and wheel and turn something marvelous. And, strangest of all, though he did not stop to consider it—he was in no mental condition to consider it—he was sure all the time that he could do those things, and wondered that some of the other fellows could be as clumsy as they seemed. He felt as if he could jump over a house, or even fly, if it should be required. Twice in those dashing plays he had leaped clear over the head of a player opposed to him, and, scooping the puck as he came down, had driven it straight on.

"I feel in great shape to-day," he said to Phil and to the others who now crowded round him.

His pale face took on a little color. He had a feeling that somehow he was not just right, yet he did not know why. He had something of the feeling that an intoxicated person must have at times; there was a certain lightness of the head, which, however,

did not interfere with his work. He found some difficulty in thinking clearly. His mind was so on the game that he supposed that was the trouble. He knew that his ideas were hazy. Not once did he think of Boralmo; but that was not strange, when the queer-ness of hypnotism is understood; for Boralmo had willed, and had told him, when placing him in that state, that he should not know it.

"We're going to win the game," said Reel, as confidently as if he had been merely saying that the sun would rise in the morning.

He was sure of it, and was sure that he was going to win it for the academy.

Underneath all, a strange hate of Jack Lightfoot burned like a hidden fire, ready to flash into a flame at any moment; and his face flushed and his eyes glittered when Jack came over to the crowd which had gathered there.

"I wish I had you on my team," cried Jack, laughing.

He did not really mean just that, and Reel knew that he didn't, and that angered Reel.

"I'm not wishing it," he answered, with a curtness that surprised and startled Jack, for it seemed to reveal that Reel was enraged against him.

"Oh, all right," said Jack, and turned away.

"We're going to beat you!" Reel shouted at him.

"That's all right, too," Jack answered. "But I've heard that it's not well for any one to shout until he is out of the woods."

"Are we going to let that crowd do us?" cried Ned Skeen, flaring up.

He had heard Reel, and, in his nervous way, he had "gone into the air."

"I think I'd like to punch his jaw!" snarled Saul Messenger, clinching his heavy fists. "Did you notice the tone of him?"

Jack's face was flushed. He felt the sting of Reel's words and manner. Yet he was trying to keep cool, which was sometimes a difficult thing for him to do.

"By granny, we've got tew do better work in the second half than in the first, er we will git beat!" avowed Yankee Jubal.

"Fellows," said Jack, sudden confidence blazing in his face, "we can win this game!"

"We can make a try, anyhow," remarked Lafe lazily, nibbling at his apple.

"How are we going to win it?" demanded Skeen.

"By playing better than the other fellows," Jack answered. "They've got a good team, but we have one that's better, in my opinion. I——"

But the second half was to be played now, and Jack's remarks were brought to a close.

In a minute more the skates were ringing and flashing, and the second half was on.

Jack had taken time for a bit of bracing thought. He was the captain, and the members of his team really believed that he was the best hockey player in Cranford, and the quickest and fastest man on the ice. They had good grounds for believing so. Yet Reel Snodgrass, a new skater, had in that first half really outplayed Jack.

It cannot be denied that this had given Jack a sting of humiliation. He believed that he was a better player than Reel; or, at least, until that day, he had believed it.

"I *can* outplay Reel, and I *will*; and my team can outplay Kirtland's, in spite of the fact that they've got Tom, and Wilson, and Reel, three of the finest hockey players I ever knew. Yes, I've got to do *my* part—I haven't been half doing it."

Jack Lightfoot did not know it, and would hardly have believed it, but, in thinking this, and thus taking a new grip of himself, he was pitting confidence against confidence, and mind against mind, will power against will power, and stern determination against determination as stern.

Reel had been playing his great game merely because, when placed in a hypnotized condition, Boralmo had told him he could play better hockey than any fellow in Cranford, and that he would do stunts that day to surprise the crowd, and would win the game for the academy.

And now Jack Lightfoot, girding himself for the new struggle—bracing himself for it with a do-or-die determination—was pitting his own strong will power and fiery ardor against the similar qualities which Boralmo had temporarily infused into Reel.

The result was a battle royal, and one of the finest hockey games which the people of Cranford had ever witnessed on that lake.

Jack was now as cool as ice. His shining, blue-gray eyes watched every movement, both of his own men and his opponents. He beheld the puck, and the charging skaters, and his mind was fixed on *victory*.

Reel Snodgrass took the puck again from the high-school players. He dribbled it, and then shot it at the high-school goal. Lafe Lampton had tossed away his apple-core, and was doing business at the old stand in the old way. He blocked that shot with his hand, though it came just knee-high, and like the wind; and then he drove it back.

There was a wild mix-up of skaters and hockey sticks following this.

Phil Kirtland secured the puck, and, finding he was about to lose it to Ned Skeen, he tried to shoot it across to Reel Snodgrass.

But Jack hooked it right from under the driving stick which Reel swung, and then Jack was away with it.

A forward of the academy charged at him, and he made a feint of passing the puck to Ned, but shot it on. Then, leaping Ned's outstretched stick, he caught the puck again with his own, and shot it for the flags in a wild and successful drive.

The score was tied!

The yells of the spectators arose, and Borlamo frowned blackly under the rim of his slouched hat.

Brodie Strawn, the academy goal-keeper, looked daggers when he saw he had let the puck get by, and heard the cheers of the high-school enthusiasts.

"Oh, well, the high school hasn't won yet!" he sang out angrily.

When the puck was once more going, and Phil, who had secured it, had lost it again, Reel Snodgrass took it, and went flying with it toward the high-school flags.

The second half was nearly finished, and the score was still tied.

Jack Lightfoot flashed across the ice. Swinging low as he came in that wild rush, he reached for the puck, which was just ahead of Reel's stick.

Reel tried to send the puck on with a stroke, and at the same time tried to leap straight over Jack's head, for he saw Jack would be in his way.

In swift motion, Jack crouched still lower, and then, lifting himself for a drive, his stick struck the puck, knocking it toward the academy flags. A heavy crash followed instantly. In rising to strike the puck, he had risen high enough to catch the toe of Reel's shoe, as Reel sought to go over him.

It was not Jack's intention to throw Reel, nor his thought that he would; yet, just as the puck shot between the flags—the academy goal-tender being unable to stop it—Reel pitched forward heavily, and came down sprawling on the hard ice.

He was up instantly, while the cheers rang loud over the field, and the whistle blew announcing that the game was finished—a game which was the high school's—and, springing thus to his feet, with his tanned face red as fire, and his eyes blazing with a sudden gleam as of insanity, he swung his hockey stick straight at Jack's head.

It was a blow that was murderous; and some one—it was afterward known to be Kate Strawn—screamed in fear.

Jack dropped low, like a flash; yet the hockey club tore the cap from his head, and, falling against his shoulder, almost knocked him from his feet.

Before he could rise, Reel was swinging for a second blow.

That scream from the lips of Kate rang out again, with the wild exclamation:

"He's going to kill Jack!"

Reel's face was now like that of a fury. His mouth foamed, his eyes glared and rolled, and curses fell from his lips.

"I'll kill you!" he howled, as he swung that second time.

The blow was only half escaped, for the stick fell across Jack's upper left arm, dropping it to his side as if it were broken.

Jack now plunged at Reel, reaching for his throat with his strong right hand.

"Curse you, I'll kill you!" Reel yelled.

Jack caught him by the throat.

Reel dropped his hockey stick, and met Jack's assault with the ferocity of a mad wolf, striking, kicking, and even, as it seemed, trying to use his teeth.

The place was in an uproar. Several men rushed toward the combatants, together with the members of the respective hockey teams.

Reel got hold of Jack's throat; but Jack now threw him, pinning him down on the ice; and, then, tightening his own clutch, he broke Reel's, and at the same time began to choke him until he gasped.

Hands were laid on Jack.

"Stand back!" bellowed Lafe.

He was not standing back himself. He had seized Reel, and was literally dragging him.

Kennedy came leaping in, and laid a hand on Jack's shoulder.

"Here, Jack!" he shouted.

"It's all right, Mr. Kennedy," Jack answered, looking up.

Then he rose from Reel, who lay gasping.

Kennedy clutched Jack by the shoulder, and seized Reel by the arm as some of his friends assisted him to rise.

Reel was staring, as if blind and speechless.

And, thus staring, he pitched forward on his face as if dead.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD.

When Reel Snodgrass came back to himself he was lying in bed in his room at the Snodgrass residence, and his head was aching as if it would split. Moreover, he felt as sore and stiff as if he had been under a steam roller.

As he lay thus, staring at the lighted lamp, for the time was night, and wondering what had happened to him, old Mr. Snodgrass came into the room.

Though a man of years, there was a good deal of the fire of youth left in the veins of Mr. Snodgrass. In his younger days he had been something of an athlete, and he had still a fondness for sports of all kinds. As a consequence, he had been down on the lake to witness that hockey game; and it was in his shining sleigh that Reel had been taken home.

There had been a time, not so very long before, when Mr. Snodgrass had been Jack Lightfoot's strong friend and backer. That he was not so now was Reel's work.

"You're able to talk, I see!" said Snodgrass, standing before the bed.

His voice was dry and unsympathetic.

"Yes," Reel answered.

He sat up in bed and threw back the covers, still wondering why he felt so strangely, and also asking himself what Snodgrass meant.

"I saw that game of ice hockey, and saw what you did!"

"Yes," said Reel, attacked by a sense of confusion.

"I saw you when you tried to kill Jack Lightfoot. It was as murderous a thing as I ever looked on. What have you to say?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Reel. "I never tried to kill Jack Lightfoot."

"Reel, there was murder in your eyes, and in your whole manner, when you struck that blow. What have you got to say about it?"

"Simply that I don't know what you're talking about."

He was out of the bed, and beginning to put on his clothing.

"I didn't think you'd be so brazen as that."

"As what?" said Reel, trembling.

"As to lie in that way. I think you'll be arrested, just as soon as you're able to stand the excitement. Kennedy has been here, and several others, and so has Jack. Now, I want to say to you that I wash my hands of you. I've stood by you, and tried to do right by you, simply because you are the son of my un-

fortunate brother who died in India; but this ends my responsibility. You'll be arrested, charged with attempted murder; and you'll go to jail, and, perhaps, to the penitentiary. But, whatever happens to you, I'm done with you. I know now that you've been treacherous and tricky in many things in regard to Jack. But I never would have believed that you could so far lose your temper as to try to kill him."

Reel had come out from the hypnotized state, of which he recalled nothing, but had come out of it in an extremely nervous and irritable condition. He was not yet able to think clearly. The tone of the man before him roused within him a devilish feeling of hate and resentment. It made him ugly and combative. He wanted to fight something, or somebody.

"I tell you I don't know what you're talking about," he, therefore, snarled, his voice shaking. "And, more than that, I don't like to have you talk to me in that way."

Never before had Reel spoken to Snodgrass in that manner.

"Reel!"

"Well, I mean it! I don't like your tone. I'm nobody's dog, to be spoken to in that manner. And if you choose to throw me over, when I tell you the truth, why that's all right, too. I can make my way in the world, I think, without you and any of your charity."

"Reel!"

"Oh, I mean it!" he shouted. "Speak to me right, and I'll speak to you right. But I'm not going to be bossed like a whining schoolboy."

If Reel had been in his normal mental condition he would not have said those words, nor spoken in that manner. He might have thought them, but he never would have voiced the thought. Now he was savage, almost rabid.

Snodgrass sank into a chair, trembling, his face suddenly white.

"Do you know who you're talking to?"

"I do!" Reel snapped, as he continued his dressing.

He felt sick and weak, and his head buzzed and ached.

"Do you recall that I'm your uncle—your father's brother?"

Reel laughed, in a sneering way.

"Oh, are you?"

"I am. And because of it I've tried to treat you right. You've been a great trial to me in many ways, and have humiliated me; but I never would have thought you could speak to me as you have just done."

"Take another think, then," said Reel, flippantly, his head buzzing still more. "A second thought is usually better than the first one."

Snodgrass rose, steadying himself with his cane.

Then he pointed the cane with a shaking gesture to the door.

"You may leave this house, Reel, as soon as you are dressed. If you had been inclined to explain matters, and speak to me as I deserve, I might have felt inclined to stand by you, so far as hiring a lawyer goes; but now I'm through with you."

"That's what you said before, isn't it?" Reel raged.

"There's the door!"

"I see it!"

"I want you to go out at it, and never darken it again."

Then he walked unsteadily to the connecting door, and disappeared.

Reel's laugh, scornful and cackling, rang through the house.

"The old duffer!"

He might have said more, as he fairly threw himself into his clothing, but that he was interrupted by a stooping form, that came crawling slyly into the room, having issued from a closet in a room adjoining Reel's. It was Boralmo. And his fiery eyes were blazing.

He sank into a chair by the register, and stared hard at Reel.

As he did so, all the life seemed to go out of Reel. He dropped limply to the bed, and stared back at the crouching figure.

"Good heavens!" were the words that gurgled from his blue lips. "I thought you were dead! I heard the talk that you were here, but I did not believe it."

"And you hoped I was dead!"

"Yes, I did!" Reel admitted bitterly.

"I heard what he was saying," said the crouching figure, hugging close to the register. "You were a fool! What did you speak to him in that way for? He will cut you off without a penny."

"Why did he accuse me in that way? He said I tried to murder Jack Lightfoot!"

"But you ought to have guessed the truth."

Reel stared.

"The truth?"

"Yes."

A hot flush swept across Reel's pale face.

"You don't mean——"

Boralmo nodded.

"You mean that I did try to murder Jack Lightfoot?"

Boralmo nodded again.

"Then—then you brought that about?"

"I did."

"In the name of everything, what for?"

"For my own ends."

"You had me hypnotized?"

"Just so."

"And you made me try to kill Jack Lightfoot."

"Just so."

Reel began to walk nervously about the room, making so much noise that Boralmo put up a hand in caution.

"Be cool now, Reel!"

"How can I be cool? I didn't know this; I didn't know you were here. I thought you were dead."

"You didn't remember, you mean. When I put you into that hypnotic state, I told you that you was not to remember that I had been here, or that you had seen me. It's a strange thing, but that locked up your memory of that fact. And, of course, when you came round, you didn't know what you had been doing. But it's a very common experience, Reel—very common."

His words were soft and purring.

Reel dropped to a chair, but he leaped up and again began to pace nervously and hurriedly round the room.

"Sit down!" said Boralmo.

Reel obeyed.

"Now, let me tell you a few things, so that you won't make any more mistakes. You have made a big one to-night; but I think that mischief can be undone."

He stopped suddenly. He had heard a soft footstep somewhere. He held up a warning finger, and sat crouching and listening. Then Reel heard it—the sound of feet, and, after that, the closing of the front door.

"It was Snodgrass," said Boralmo. "He passed through the hall and out at the front. What you said to him broke him all up. But now that he's gone we can talk in safety."

He twisted round and looked sharply at Reel.

"I want you to understand the situation."

"I think I should like to," said Reel.

"Just so. Well, I'll explain it to you. Jack Light-

foot spotted me almost as soon as I came into town, and has been looking for me ever since. He troubled me before. I was tired of it. For several reasons I called on you, and then for several more reasons I hypnotized you, commanding you not to remember it, nor me; and I instilled into you the belief that you could play a great game of ice hockey, and, first and foremost, that you must kill Jack Lightfoot."

Reel gave a low, gasping cry.

"I told you to do it in some game, and in such a way that it would seem to be an accident. Something went wrong with you. I don't understand it myself, and I've been puzzling over it all evening; but, instead of trying to kill him by some sort of accident, you attacked him at the close of the game with your hockey stick. Every one saw it, and they say you tried to murder him, and there's talk of arresting you, as your 'uncle' said, as soon as you're able to leave your bed. We'll thank him for giving us that information, otherwise I might not have known it. Up to the time you became enraged at Lightfoot everything went all right. You tried to cut an ice hole there where the game was to be played, and you were to have an accident happen by which Jack would be drowned. You failed in that, and then you did this other. Perhaps you did this other because that plan failed. It put you on a new tack, and you became muddled."

"I'm muddled now," said Reel; "I'm crazy! My head is spinning round like a top, and I'm so sick I can hardly sit here."

"Yet you've got to brace up. I'll help you."

"Go on," said Reel desperately. "I recollect that I said things to Mr. Snodgrass that he'll never overlook, or forgive."

"We'll try to get round that in some way."

"I don't see how it can be done. I was temporarily insane, or I wouldn't have spoken to him as I did. It will spoil everything."

"That's right—you were not mentally responsible; and we'll have to use that plea to get you off on this assault charge. You fell in a faint, after attacking Jack; and we'll—that is, *you* will—claim that your head was out of gear. It can be done. Put up the pitiful plea, you see. But that isn't the chief thing."

"What is the chief thing?"

"I want to get out of the town without delay, and I want some money—a lot of it."

"I haven't any," said Reel, trembling and desperate.

How he feared this man! It gave him an inner trembling just to look at him.

"You've got to get me some," Boralmo declared. "I must have some money, even if you have to rob Snodgrass right here in his own house to get it for me."

"And that would cook my goose forever, if I was discovered."

"You can work it."

"Never."

"I'll have to hypnotize you again, to give you some nerve, I think."

Reel started up.

"Not that—not that; for Heaven's sake, not that!"

"Then you'll listen to me, and you'll do what I tell you."

Reel sank back in the chair, panting and exhausted.

"Go on!" he said, as if he had lost hope.

CHAPTER X.

A STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

Boralmo and Reel had been mistaken in supposing that Mr. Snodgrass had left the house.

What they had heard was the errand boy, who, in a blue suit, waited on the whims of Mr. Snodgrass, and had been sent by him in haste for Kennedy.

Another thing had occurred which neither Reel nor Boralmo knew. Jack Lightfoot was in that house.

To explain how this came about, it is necessary to state that Boralmo had sneaked into Reel's room, after darkness had fallen, letting himself in with a skeleton key; and, passing through Reel's room, had hidden himself in the closet, from which, later, he had emerged to have this talk with Reel.

That closet had already been used by him for a hiding-place while in Cranford, and Reel had taken food and other things to him there on more than one occasion.

That closet and Reel's clever assistance had made it possible for Boralmo to vanish so often and so mysteriously, without any one discovering where he had gone.

Boralmo was weary when he sneaked into Reel's room and into that closet. Reel was lying in bed, sleeping, or unconscious. The house was quiet. Being tired, Boralmo fell asleep in the closet, and did not awaken until Snodgrass and Reel awakened him by their loud words.

In the meantime, and while Boralmo was asleep and Snodgrass and Reel were having the opening of their wordy war, Jack Lightfoot had come along the walk. Encountering there the errand boy, who knew him well, and stating to the boy that he wished to see Mr. Snodgrass or Reel, the boy had let him in at the side entrance.

Hence Jack had quietly entered the semidarkness of the little sitting-room that adjoined the library.

Discovering that he was an unintentional eavesdropper, Jack was on the point of withdrawing, just before Mr. Snodgrass came out of Reel's room, and Boralmo crept into it.

What Jack heard then made him resolve not to leave, but to inform Mr. Snodgrass that Boralmo was in the house, and in conversation with Reel.

Therefore, he rose softly and on tiptoe slipped from the room. The light from the low-turned lamp made it easy for him to avoid obstructions and leave the room without making a noise.

Out in the hall he beheld Mr. Snodgrass, who was trembling with excitement and seemed on the point of leaving the house. He did not know Jack was there.

Jack put up a finger in warning. When Snodgrass stared at him in an uncomprehending way, Jack stepped to his side and whispered:

"Boralmo is in there talking with Reel. Be careful, or you'll alarm him."

It was well that Jack added that warning, for Mr. Snodgrass was so astounded by the statement that he might have done something to inform the crafty hypnotist that his presence in the house was known.

Mr. Snodgrass stood perfectly still.

"Is that so, Jack?" he whispered. "You're sure? You aren't mistaken? It seems impossible."

"I'm sure," Jack answered. "I heard him. He slipped in there just as you went out. I heard you go out, and then I heard him speak to Reel. I didn't intend to play eavesdropper and listen to what you said to Reel, and I was about to go away, so that I wouldn't have to hear. You and Reel were speaking rather loud, you know. Then I heard Boralmo, and I thought you ought to know."

Jack's voice was shaking with excitement.

"Yes, yes," said Snodgrass, looking round. "Where is that boy? You can't be mistaken, Jack? I just came out of that room, you know."

The blue-uniformed boy came through the hall in his usual noiseless manner.

Mr. Snodgrass motioned him to be silent, seeing that he was about to speak. He had been looking for Snodgrass, to inform him that Jack was there.

"Just wait here a minute," Snodgrass whispered, in a way to astonish the boy.

Snodgrass then tiptoed softly into the other room, and was gone fully a minute.

When he came back he looked like a man stricken by some fatal disease.

He was scribbling with a pencil, as he tiptoed through the separating doorway, and now he held out to the boy the paper he had been writing on.

"Get that to Kennedy," he whispered. "Go, and make no noise in getting out of the house."

The boy stole toward the front door, passing through the wide hall; and it was his passage through there, and his egress from the house, which was heard by Boralmo and Reel.

Snodgrass clutched Jack by the shoulder with a hand that shook.

It was Jack's lame left shoulder; his arm was black and blue just below the shoulder, the result of the blow received from Reel's hockey stick. Jack winced under the tightening clutch of Snodgrass' trembling hand, but did not try to draw his shoulder away.

Slowly Mr. Snodgrass pulled him into the sitting-room he had just left, and then stood with him, both bending forward in painful attitudes that they might

hear the low words being spoken in the room occupied by Reel and Boralmo.

At first it was but a hum of voices which came through the wall to them, and, if they had not listened intently, they could have made out nothing; but, standing perfectly still, they heard Boralmo's talk, and Reel's answers and comments.

It was clear that Boralmo and Reel thought Mr. Snodgrass had left the house; and, as Snodgrass and Reel were the only persons who came into that part of the residence with any frequency, aside from occasional callers who were shown into the sitting-room, they had not much fear of being heard. Nevertheless, the caution that was a part of Boralmo's nature made him sink his voice now and then so low that what he said could not be wholly understood.

Yet Snodgrass and Jack heard enough to astonish them—enough to almost paralyze Mr. Snodgrass.

This was the talk, of which they caught the drift and import:

"I want to remind you of a few things, Reel, that you are all the time forgetting," Boralmo was saying, in his domineering, tyrannical way. "I want you to remember what I did for you in Bombay, and since; and how I brought you here to the man whom you claim for your uncle."

Jack felt the hand of Mr. Snodgrass shake violently on his shoulder.

"I'm not forgetting anything," Reel urged. "I wish you wouldn't keep saying to me all the time that I'm forgetting the favors you've done for me. You expected to profit by that quite as much as I did, for you know that if I ever came into that money you'd be bound to have a part of it."

"Why shouldn't I? And I'd like to have some of it now, as an advance, you see; a part of that inheritance of yours in advance, to pay me for all I've done for you."

He seemed sneering and cynical.

"Why did you do all these things for me?" said Reel, as if the thing made him desperate. "I can't get any money for you now, and you ought to see that I can't."

Boralmo was silent a moment.

"Reel," he snarled, with evident anger, "I've stood by you and helped you, because——"

He stopped, hesitating.

"Because what?"

"Because, Reel"—the voice softened a little—"I am your father."

Jack felt Mr. Snodgrass' hand shake so violently that he feared he was about to fall to the floor.

Reel had uttered a low cry, which seemed to combine fear and amazement.

"You've half guessed that before this, and I know it," said Boralmo.

"I thought it might be so, sometimes," Reel admitted. "But I really never believed it."

"You feared it was so? A fine feeling to have toward your own father."

"Well, if you're my father," said Reel, "it seems to me that you treat me strangely. You hypnotized me to do a thing which may send me to prison."

It was Jack's turn to be wildly astonished.

"I wouldn't have run that risk but for that—but for the fact that I wasn't really responsible for what I was doing. And if you're really my father, I want to ask you not to get me into trouble here, and to go away."

"Not trouble you?"

"If you'll go away and leave me alone hereafter, I'll promise you again that when old Snodgrass dies, and I come into his money, I'll share it with you."

"You'll do that, anyway; you'd be afraid not to do it. And I'm getting impatient about that money. I think I shall have to kill the old duck, to hurry things."

Jack caught at the swaying form of Mr. Snodgrass and tried to support him, making some noise in doing so; but he was not quick enough, for Snodgrass pitched sideways to the floor, falling heavily.

Jack was wildly excited and unnerved by this contretemps. As he bent over Mr. Snodgrass, and felt as if he ought to cry out for assistance, for Snodgrass lay as if dead, he heard a commotion in Reel's room.

Jack turned up the lamp, which had been burning dimly.

As he did so, he heard running footsteps; and then Reel came swinging upon the scene from a side passage, parting some curtains, and standing before Jack almost before the latter was aware he was there.

"What's the matter?" said Reel, his voice shaking. He stared at Jack and down at Mr. Snodgrass.

Reel's voice seemed to stir Snodgrass into consciousness.

He tried to lift himself, moaning; and then he cried out:

"Jack, don't let that man get away, and hold Reel until Kennedy gets here!"

Jack sprang at Reel; and in return received a blow in the face that knocked him back against the wall.

Before he could recover and reach Reel, the latter was out of the room, diving through the dividing curtains. Snodgrass staggered to his feet, supporting himself by clinging to a chair.

Reel ran out of the house, as Jack pursued him, and gained the front gate.

"Let him go!" Jack heard Snodgrass cry out; and, thus commanded, he turned back into the house, thinking that Snodgrass needed him, and also willing to obey in this.

Mr. Snodgrass was sitting on a lounge, looking white and weak, as Jack came running in.

"They've gone?" he asked faintly.

"Reel is gone," Jack cried; "I don't know about Boralmo."

"Will you ring that bell there, Jack? I'm too weak to reach it. It will summon Mrs. Snodgrass, and the servants in that part of the house."

Jack rushed to the bell-cord and rang violently. The house was a large, rambling structure, with many wings, and the wing in which Mrs. Snodgrass spent most of her time, and which was near the servants' quarters, was some distance away.

"Can I do anything for you?" Jack now asked anxiously.

"You heard what they said?"

"Yes."

"That man's son!"

"I heard that."

"A conspiracy to gain my fortune—a base and wicked conspiracy. But it has been discovered in time. Why doesn't Kennedy come? Not my brother's son—not even a Snodgrass!"

Jack was wondering what Reel's name was. The revelation was astounding and startling.

"I can go for Kennedy."

"No, stay with me," the broken old man urged; "stay with me until Mrs. Snodgrass or some of the servants come."

He shook as with an ague.

"Not my brother's son," he moaned. "A base and wicked conspiracy!"

He looked up at the stalwart young fellow beside him, and into Jack's flushed face and shining eyes.

"Jack," he said faintly.

"Yes, sir," Jack answered, bending over him. "Something I can do for you?"

"Jack, I've been unjust to you. Reel turned me against you. I used to think a great deal of you, you know; and I used to take much interest in your progress in school, and in your ability in school sports."

"You were very kind," said Jack. "I shall never forget that you helped us to get the high-school gymnasium."

"So I did, Jack; and I'm glad now that I did. And, Jack, I hope you won't remember that there was ever any change in me toward you."

Jack's voice choked.

"I was sorry there ever was."

"I shall try to be your friend from this on, Jack; just remember that."

"Yes, sir. Can't I do something for you? You seem to be rather weak."

In truth, Snodgrass was on the verge of a nervous collapse.

"Why doesn't Kennedy come?" he asked querulously.

As if in answer, the sounds of hurrying heavy feet were heard in the yard.

Then the blue-uniformed errand boy came in at the front door, and Kennedy appeared at his heels.

Jack sprang toward Kennedy.

"Run round to Reel's room and search it," he whis-

pered. "Boralmo may be in there yet somewhere, hiding. I'll explain later. He was there a little while ago."

But Boralmo was not there.

He had gone from the house even before the departure of Reel.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST BLOOD FOR REEL.

"I'll stir things up so that he can't get out of town," said Kennedy, when a search failed to reveal Boralmo in the house. "He can't get out of Cranford unless he takes to the woods or swamps. I've already got a man watching at the railway station, and he's been there all day."

Mr. Snodgrass was so shaken by the discovery of Reel's duplicity that a doctor was summoned to attend him.

Jack did not have to wait for this, for the doctor was called up by telephone, and Mrs. Snodgrass and the servants were equal to the occasion.

It had been a great shock to Snodgrass; for, believing that Reel was the son of his brother, who had died in India, he had conceived a certain fondness for him, in spite of the many things Reel had done to distress him.

Jack left the house with Kennedy.

The hour was still early; and, while Kennedy went on to "stir up" the deputies he had set to watch for Boralmo, Jack went to Tom Lightfoot's and Lafe Lampton's.

"Jiminy crickets!" was Lafe's gurgled comment, when Jack told his astounding story. "This lays over anything I ever heard of."

Tom was ready to admit the same.

Jack sent word home that he would not be there for some time.

He feared to tell his father what he had learned, recalling what his father had said about Boralmo.

"If father and he should meet, Boralmo might kill him."

"It seems to me, that you're willing to take long chances, though," Lafe remarked dryly, as he shuffled

along at the side of Jack and Tom. "He wouldn't hesitate long to put a bullet through you, if he was to meet you."

"I'm thinking none of us will see him again, for some time at least. He's crafty. Kennedy thinks he can't get out of town, unless he takes to the woods and swamps, and goes 'cross lots to get there. He has every road and street guarded now. But, in my opinion, Boralmo can get by all the guards Kennedy has established."

"Somebody watching the lake?" asked Tom.

"Yes; Kennedy says he's put men all along the lake, to keep him from crossing it on the ice."

"I think he'll give Kennedy the slip, all right," averred Lafe. "But what about Reel? He isn't so slick as Boralmo. And, jiminy crickets, I can't get over thinking about that hypnotism business, and about Reel being the son of Boralmo!"

"I think I'll have to hurry and get out of the academy," remarked Tom humorously. "The place seems to be hoodooed. First, Professor Sanderson goes wrong, and is shown up to be a hypocrite and scoundrel and lands in prison; and now Reel goes wrong."

"He's only been found out," said Lafe; "he went wrong from the first."

"Yet I'm sorry for him," Jack declared.

"So am I," Tom agreed.

"Of course," said Lafe, "if he was hypnotized and couldn't help doing those things, he wasn't responsible. But how about this double-shuffle business with Mr. Snodgrass? I guess that was cold-blooded deception, all right."

They walked down to the lake, and then came back into town. They were aimless in their methods now; for Reel and Boralmo had vanished so speedily and mysteriously that those who would seek them were all at sea.

It was late when Jack parted from Tom and turned homeward, accompanied by Lafe.

Lafe dropped off at his own front gate, and then Jack went on alone.

At the corner of the street above his home he was astonished to meet Reel Snodgrass face to face. Reel was pale, and his eyes were shining; and as he came

boldly up to Jack it was evident that he was in a desperate frame of mind, as well as thoroughly angry.

"Lightfoot," he said savagely, "that was a low-down, dirty piece of business on your part to-night; and, in addition, you and some of your set have been looking everywhere for me, to arrest me."

Jack was surprised that Reel should thus boldly reveal himself.

"Where I've been hiding doesn't concern you," Reel went on. "I've been waiting here, though, for some time, just to get to see you as you went home. I'm going to get out of Cranford. My cake is dough here, and you're responsible for it."

He trembled with the violence of his rage and disappointment.

"I've tried to play white with you for some time," he urged, "and this is the way you come back at me. Do you think that was a square deal?"

Reel's inability to understand the baseness of his treacherous attempt to gain Mr. Snodgrass' money was really astonishing. He did not seem to think that in doing so he had committed a great wrong; but was enraged because he thought Jack had exposed him in it, after having overheard the talk of Boralmo.

"It seems that I'm the son of Boralmo," he said, with sneering emphasis, "and that means that I've got some devilish bad blood in my veins. I've tried to walk straight here for awhile, but it isn't in the cards for me to do it. You've played traitor to me, and *here's where I settle with you!*"

With the words he drew a revolver and dropped it down, covering Jack's breast.

An oath came from his lips, and his finger was on the trigger, when, with a downward leap, Jack pitched straight at his feet.

The celerity of that movement was all that saved Jack.

The shot rang out on the still night air, and the bullet tore through the top of Jack's cap.

The next instant he had caught Reel by the legs, and had jerked him from his feet.

They fell together heavily; Reel on top, and still clutching the revolver.

He was about to try again to shoot Jack, when he

heard some one running, drawn by the report of the pistol.

"Curse you!" he howled, as Jack's arms began to squeeze him, and he discovered that Jack was about to make an effort to turn the tables and place himself uppermost.

As he howled the words, he brought the butt of the pistol down with stunning force on Jack's head.

Then he tore himself loose, and, with swinging leaps, still carrying the pistol, he ran hastily down toward the lake; but turned aside at the railroad, and there disappeared.

Jack arose, and was stumbling about in a dazed way, having been fairly knocked out by that blow, when the man arrived who had heard the shot and had run out of his house.

"Why, it's Jack!" he cried.

"Yes," said Jack, putting a hand on the man's shoulder to steady himself.

"What's the matter?"

"It was Reel," said Jack, feeling the earth spin beneath him. "I—I think I shall have to ask you to help me home."

"Reel Snodgrass?"

"Yes; he tried to shoot me here, and when I threw him he struck me on top of the head, with his pistol, I think. I think he ran down the road. Help me to the house, please."

Jack had been knocked out.

It was first blood for Reel Snodgrass, in the great fight that had suddenly opened up between them.

CHAPTER XII.

JACK WINS.

Wherever Reel disappeared to, he did not escape from the vicinity of Cranford that night; for the next evening, just after nightfall, when the train for Cardiff was ready to pull out of the station, Jack saw a dark form resembling Reel swing up between two of the coaches.

Kennedy was close by at the time; and, though Jack was not positive that the one he had seen was Reel, he was almost certain of it, and spoke to Kennedy.

"If he's on the train I'll drag him out," said Kennedy.

Then he asked the conductor to hold the train a minute; and he went through the coaches carefully.

Jack remained on the ground, watching from the outside, thinking that if Reel discovered that Kennedy was searching the train for him he would jump off.

"He's not there," said Kennedy positively, when he came out. "You was mistaken that time, Jack."

Jack's conviction that the one he had seen swing up between the cars was Reel was so strong, in spite of this, that when the train started he climbed aboard.

"I'll just go through to Cardiff, and if Reel is on this train perhaps I'll see him when he gets off there. I can come back on the next train, and telegraph from there, if I want to."

Jack made his way into the rear coach, and passed through it, looking carefully at every one in it.

He did not see Reel, and he did not see Boralmo.

Knowing Boralmo's ability at disguising, he narrowly scanned every person whose make-up and appearance was in the least peculiar.

When he had gone thus through each coach, he was ready to confess that neither of the persons he sought appeared to be on the train.

He returned now to the rear coach, and there found a seat.

At the few small stations where the train stopped he got off and walked about the platform.

Though the time was night, he was sure that it would be almost impossible for any one to drop off the train without being seen by him.

He was the first to spring from the train when it drew in at the station at Cardiff, and he stood out on the platform watching the passengers as they descended.

Several persons got off the train, but none seemed to be Reel or Boralmo.

Just before the train pulled on, Jack caught sight of a dust-covered form that seemed to rise out of the ground, under the rear car.

Jack stood still; and, as the train pulled on, he saw this dust-covered form over by the fence.

"It's Reel, I do believe," was his thought; "and he's been riding the trucks. That's why he couldn't be found in the train. And he's a sight!"

Knowing that Reel carried a pistol and would not hesitate to use it, Jack let the dust-covered figure steal on along the fence.

Jack followed at some distance, noting the direction.

All at once Reel disappeared.

Jack walked on softly.

A number of the passengers were moving up-town along that street, and their talk filled the air.

Having advanced to the point where Reel had vanished, Jack stood quietly in the darkness, close by the fence.

"Up a stump again!" was his thought. "If that was Reel, he's given me the slip."

Then he was startled, for he heard voices near him—the voices of Reel and Boralmo.

"Ah! is that you?" Boralmo was saying.

"I had a thundering time getting here," Reel answered bitterly.

"But you needn't have run away from Cranford. They couldn't have done anything with you. You could have shown that I hypnotized you into doing everything you did."

"And that's about true, too," said Reel, again bitterly. "I wouldn't be the dog and the scoundrel I am but for your conduct. I don't think I've had a fair show. And now I'm a fugitive."

"You're scared before you're hurt," said Boralmo. "I tell you they couldn't have done anything with you even if they'd caught you."

"They could, all right, after what I did to Jack Lightfoot last night."

"What was that?"

"I tried to shoot him, and then I hammered him on the head until he must have seen stars. But he's after me again. I saw him watching the train at the Cranford station. I crawled on the trucks and rode here that way, and so gave him and Kennedy the slip. But they'll be hot after me."

"I don't fear them now," said Boralmo.

Jack almost feared to breathe. He could catch every word, and it almost seemed they must hear him.

"And now for the Cardiff House," said Boralmo. "I shall go there boldly. Get the dust off you and do the same. We'll register in the ordinary way. If any one questions you, say that you're a New York drummer. I'll look out for myself. We'll meet there again. Boldness wins oftener than caution, even in a case like this. To-morrow we'll be out of here."

Jack did not try to follow them as they slipped on, separating soon; he saw that would be to reveal himself, or run the risk of it.

Instead, he turned back into the station and sent a telegram to Kennedy and one to Tom Lightfoot.

He knew that Tom would communicate with Lafe.

Jack did not wait to hear from these telegrams.

He now hurried on into Cardiff, proceeding direct to the Cardiff House, with whose location he was familiar.

Standing on the corner, he watched the front entrance for a time. Seeing nothing of those he was seeking, he went boldly into the hotel, without any attempt at disguise.

Scanning the hotel register, his heart quickened its beats when he read this:

"Sidney Black, New York City."

The handwriting was Boralmo's. Jack had seen specimens of it, and, though there were some changes, he knew he was not mistaken.

"Reel hasn't come in," was his conclusion; "or, at least, I can't find anything here that looks like his writing."

Seeing the number of the room marked against the name of "Sidney Black," Jack now did a thing that was reckless.

He left the hotel office, and, ascending the stairs, began to look for that room, glancing at the numbers on the doors as he passed along the wide hall.

As he did so, he passed the open door of an unoccupied room, where a light shone brightly; and at the same instant Reel Snodgrass turned the angle of the corridor just beyond.

Reel had removed the dust from his clothing, wore a sweater under his coat, as Jack did, and was, apparently, himself again, except that his face was white

and his eyes big and bright, with heavy circles under them. He stared at Jack.

"So you've followed me here, eh?" he said slowly, while his face flushed.

Then a thing even more startling occurred; for, behind Jack, and coming down the hall toward him, he heard now Boralmo.

Reel drew the revolver he carried. Thinking that a shot was coming instantly, Jack jumped into the lighted room.

Boralmo and Reel followed him.

Boralmo closed the door with a kick of his foot.

"We've got you now," he said, in a low voice.

Reel approached Jack, who took a step toward the door.

As he did so, Reel tripped him with outstretched foot.

"You die for this!" cried Boralmo, as Reel tripped Jack, and, with a vicious jump, he sprang at Jack's throat.

Jack swung his fist round, as he stumbled, and with a smashing blow landed on Reel's jaw, hurling him against the wall.

Reel had thrust the revolver back into his hip pocket, after stepping through the door, but the handle protruded, and Jack's other hand clutched it before he struck the floor.

His finger sprung the trigger at the same moment, sending a shot through the ceiling to summon help; and then he pushed the weapon up almost into the face of Boralmo.

Jack did not intend to shoot Boralmo, but to keep him at bay, for Boralmo was again reaching for his throat with those ironlike fingers, which, if they had ever closed there, would have meant Jack's death.

But the revolver roared again, as Boralmo thus reached for Jack's throat; and, with a convulsive jerk, Boralmo fell forward.

Jack was horrified, for his thought was that in his haste and desperation he had killed Boralmo.

He still held the revolver, smoking, in his hand, and Reel backed toward the door, frightened.

Then the door was thrown open, and some of the employees of the hotel rushed in.

Reel now ran over to Boralmo, imploring him to speak to him.

The thought that Boralmo was dead stirred a feeble affection.

Two of the men who had invaded the room seized Jack, and took possession of the revolver.

"It was in self-defense," said Jack, his lips white.

"That's what every fellow says when he shoots another!" was the sharp answer.

* * * * *

But Boralmo was not dead—was not even seriously injured.

The bullet had cut through his hair and grazed the top of his head, stunning him for a little time as surely as if he had been struck down with a hammer; but he recovered soon, and the doctor called to attend to him stated that the injury was not at all of a serious character.

Kennedy arrived, with Tom and Lafe and some others, in answer to the telegrams Jack had sent to Cranford.

Long before they came Boralmo had begun to lie with his old cleverness, and, but for the appearance of these friends, he might have succeeded in making the Cardiff officers and hotel people believe that Jack was wholly the aggressor and the criminal, and might even have escaped.

When Kennedy came in, though, Boralmo subsided, merely looking at Jack now and then with fiery eyes.

"The Cardiff jail for you to-night," said Kennedy; "and to-morrow I'll land you in Cranford."

* * * * *

If Kennedy had been given his way Reel Snodgrass would have been taken to the Cardiff jail, with Boralmo.

"Don't do it," Jack urged. "I shall refuse to prosecute him."

"He tried to shoot you!" bellowed Kennedy. "Lock him up, I say."

"But think of the disgrace," said Jack.

"Fiddlesticks! Think of your danger. And think of what he done, and was tryin' to do, to Mr. Snodgrass."

"That's for Mr. Snodgrass to attend to. I shan't prosecute him; and I don't want you to put him in jail."

"Let him go, you mean?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean."

Kennedy was dumfounded.

"I'll tell you how it is," said Jack, continuing his plea. "I don't think Reel has had a fair chance. The influence and the wicked hypnotism of that man are responsible for the things he's done. When he tried to shoot me he was desperate. All his prospects, as he viewed them, had been wrecked. Think how he must have felt. And he laid all the blame on me."

"He ought to have blamed himself."

"That's true, too; but he laid it on me. He was crazy with anger, and, perhaps, didn't really know what he was doing. I think I can understand how he felt."

"Then you must think he done right," said Kennedy, who was not pleased.

"No, I think he did wrong, and has done wrong from the first, in imposing on Mr. Snodgrass; but I can't help considering the temptations, and the influences of that man. I think Reel is to be pitied."

"I don't. If you let him go he'll take the first chance he gets to do you up!"

"I'll risk it; I don't think he will."

Was Jack right or wrong in this?

Right or wrong, he had given way to the kindlier feelings of his heart. He sincerely pitied Reel in his downfall.

There had been some good in Reel, and Jack feared now that the bad in him might triumph over the good, and send him to destruction.

THE END.

Next week's issue, No. 52, will be "Jack Lightfoot at Seagirt; or, New Friends and Old Foes." This story gives the beginning of Jack's new life, in a school in the town of Seagirt, where Jack goes to fit himself for college. It is a turning-point in his career, and an opening into new fields that are bound to be intensely interesting.

HOW TO DO THINGS

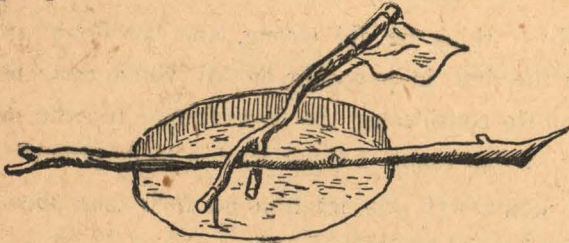
By AN OLD ATHLETE.

Timely essays and hints upon various athletic sports and pastimes in which our boys are usually deeply interested, and told in a way that may be easily understood. Instructive articles may be found in back numbers of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, as follows: No. 31, "How to Make a Cheap Skiff." No. 32, "Archery." No. 33, "Cross-Country Running." No. 34, "The Game of Lacrosse." No. 35, "The Boy With a Hobby for Collecting." No. 36, "Football, and How to Play It." No. 37, "A Practice Game." No. 38, "How to Play Football—Training." No. 39, "The Men in the Line." No. 40, "The Men Behind." No. 41, "Signal Systems." No. 42, "Team Play." No. 43, "The End of the Season." No. 44, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (I.) No. 45, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (II.) No. 46, "Bag-Punching." No. 47, "Camping." No. 48, "Cruising in Small Boats." No. 49, "Snow-Shoe and Skee Work." No. 50, "How to Make and Use a Toboggan."

TIP-UPS FOR PICKEREL FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

Where pickerel abound in any decent quantities, a resourceful and enterprising boy, who has a craving for sport, can have a deal of fun if he chooses to go to some little trouble.

Other fish may also be taken, but none of them seem to possess the vigorous, all-the-year-round appetite of that fresh-water shark and buccaneer, the pickerel, or his first cousin, the pike. Winter or summer, it matters little to him, since, like good old Lafe Lampton, he always has his appetite along, and can never resist a tempting bite.



It is necessary, of course, that the would-be winter angler have a bucket of lively minnows, such as the pirate dearly loves to feast upon. A dozen fairly long and stout lines, each armed with a keen-pointed No. 1 Sproat hook, with gimp snell, a hatchet, the bait pail, and some material for making the tip-ups that are to signal the capture of a prize—armed with these the ambitious boy selects a certain portion of the pond or lake where he knows there is a fair depth of water, and which would probably be frequented by the pickerel as a cruising-ground.

Unlike the black bass, the pickerel does not bury himself in the mud and hibernate until early spring; and being constantly on the move, it is necessary that he satisfy the demands of his voracious appetite.

One boy can attend from ten to thirty lines, since the fish gorges the bait, and once hooked, is pretty certain to hang on until pulled out in his turn.

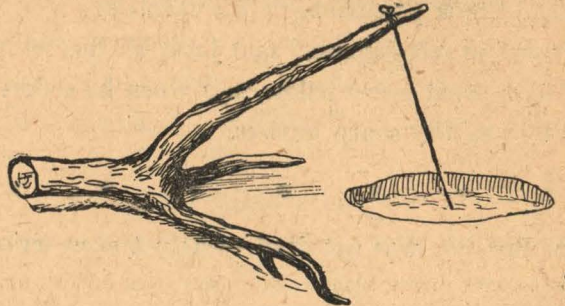
The holes chopped through the ice should not be larger than is absolutely necessary, and if some of the tip-ups here shown are used, care must be taken that the contrivance be larger than the hole, or else the fish may chase off with your line.

Also, be careful not to have them too close together, lest a captured fish foul the adjoining lines.

When one has a bunch of lines baited it is fine sport to watch results and the sight of a waving white flag,

or the upheaval of a tip-up, indicating a capture, sends a delightful thrill through the nerves.

Sometimes half-a-dozen fish are "on" at the same moment, as if it were the luncheon hour, and then the fun waxes fast and furious. Such an experience would not soon be forgotten, and the recollection must frequently arouse a yearning to repeat the dose.



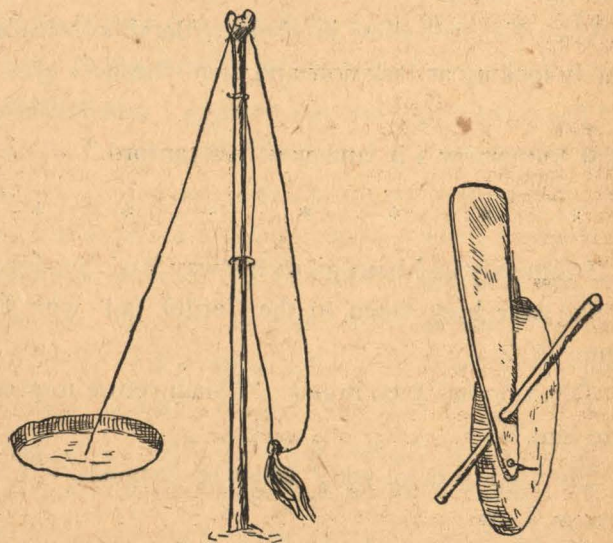
There are really few directions to lay down in this sort of sport. Any boy who knows the rudiments of fishing can manage almost as well as a veteran.

Of course certain days, a bit mild, are best suited to fishing through the ice, since the holes in bitter cold weather would keep freezing over and necessitate a constant use of the hatchet.

A fire is really a necessity, since one's fingers feel the cold of the water very much.

We take pleasure in giving rough drawings of various types of tip-ups as used in New England and northern New York. They speak for themselves. Any lad with the least bit of ingenuity can fashion as many as he chooses, and lay them away against the time when the opportunity to make use of them arrives.

Probably the most difficult thing of all is to secure the live bait in midwinter. Some ambitious fishermen take time by the forelock and stock a spring with minnows in the late fall. Others put the bait in the cistern. It matters little where you get the minnows so long as you do get them. And when you lug home your great string of



fish, perhaps being compelled to ask a friend to help carry them on a pole between you, the astonishment of your incredulous father will be ample reward for all the labor you have bestowed upon the task. For

(Continued on page 30.)

A CHAT WITH YOU

Under this general head we purpose each week to sit around the camp-fire, and have a heart-to-heart talk with those of our young readers who care to gather there, answering such letters as may reach us asking for information with regard to various healthy sports, both indoor and out. We should also be glad to hear what you think of the leading characters in your favorite publication. It is the editor's desire to make this department one that will be eagerly read from week to week by every admirer of the Jack Lightfoot stories, and prove to be of valuable assistance in building up manly, healthy Sons of America. All letters received will be answered immediately, but may not appear in print under five weeks, owing to the fact that the publication must go to press far in advance of the date of issue. Those who favor us with correspondence will please bear this in mind, and exercise a little patience.

THE EDITOR.

As I have been reading ALL-SPORTS since the first number, I feel that you ought to find a little space in your columns for a letter from me. The weekly is "all right"; none better published anywhere in the country. I have been induced to take an interest in sports since reading your famous paper, and would like to know something about the hundred-yard dash.

Colfax, Wash.

FRANK SMITH.

You have selected a very good form of athletics for a young man to indulge in. You can practise running short distances like this and not be in danger of overdoing it. It frequently happens with beginners that they want to run a great distance, when they are not used to long-distance running. The one-hundred-yard dash is quite enough to test the swiftness of the average schoolboy. If you decide to have any contests, select boys according to height; for instance, those who are about five feet high should be trained for any races you may have in mind, instead of grouping boys of different sizes in the various contests. You will find the results will be more satisfactory, not only in the interest that your races might excite among the spectators, but in developing the running qualities of each contestant. Of course, before you think of getting up any matches with your friends, you should practise running by yourself, to develop what speed you might have. This also applies to the other boys in your town who are perhaps thinking of taking up this interesting form of outdoor sport.

Since the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY was first sold on the newsstands in our town, all my boy friends say that it is the best they have ever read, which is saying a great deal, as they have been taking everything that was ever issued for a number of years. We prefer your paper, because it tells us all about outdoor sports. Other libraries do not do this, and I think it shows that you are the only up-to-date publishers. You show that you know what American boys want. I like Jack Lightfoot very much. I think he is the ideal American boy, and should be admired by all readers. I wish I could become a fine football and baseball player like my favorite hero. He always gets the best of his enemies, no matter how they try to "do" him. He must be very smart to do this. How many boys could do the same if they had these things happen to them? I don't think that there are very many who would be able.

Chester, Pa.

JOHN ARLINGTON.

The reason you like the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY so well is that it is, as you say, published with the idea of giving the American youth a paper which shall not disappoint him in respect to a good, readable story having sufficient interest to hold his attention from the first chapter to the last one in the number. And, in addition to this, we have taken into consideration the fact that the average young American is a bright boy, with rich, red blood in his veins, full of life, and always taking a healthy interest in outdoor

sports. When any one feels this way toward sport, it is pretty safe to predict that that young man will not go wrong. If we can foster the athletic spirit in the boys of America, and help them to grow into healthy, manly men, we will not look upon our efforts as being exerted in vain. Your letter indicates that you realize to some extent what our purpose in this respect is, and want to let us know that you appreciate it. In the character of Jack Lightfoot you get the embodiment of all the manly traits of the average young man of this country, so that when reading about him you feel that here is the ideal representative of young American manhood. Take him as your model, and you will never do anything you need be ashamed of.

What joy it gives me to be brought in the presence of the greatest character in fiction once a week, Jack Lightfoot! He is a wonder and there is no mistake about it. I would give anything to be like Jack. Mother says that I can if I try, and follow his example. She was opposed at first to my reading the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, but I told her that there was nothing in it that she could not read and let me read. When I asked her to take my copy and look it over, she said she would. The next day I asked my mother what she thought of it. She said it was all right and that she would never tell me not to read it again. She admitted that she got very much interested in the library herself, and thought Jack a very fine fellow. Some time, when mother can spare a little time from her household duties, she takes my copy of ALL-SPORTS, and sits in her rocker for an hour or two and reads. When she hasn't time to do this she makes me read to her. I do not object, because I like to read them over again, not only once, but a number of times.

East Orange, N. J.

JOHN DRESSLER.

The ALL-SPORTS does give a great deal of pleasure, and we can see that you are no exception to the rule. More than one reader has complained of not getting the weekly oftener. This shows the popularity of ALL-SPORTS better than anything else. Of course your mother wanted to know what her boy was in the habit of reading. You did a very sensible thing to ask her to read a copy, so that she could see for herself what the stories are like. We want more mothers to do the same thing, for we know that their experience will be the same, and that, instead of raising objections, they will approve the choice their sons have made for their weekly reading. Take your mother's advice and try to be like Jack.

Will you please tell an old reader of ALL-SPORTS some new game he can introduce at athletic contests? I want a novelty, something which is not like the regulation "stunts" we see at every meet. This next spring our club intends to get up some games, and, though it might seem too previous for me to write in the winter, I take the liberty of asking you now, on the plan that it is always a good thing to be ahead in anything one wants to do.

ALFRED PREBE.

Watertown, N. Y.

You show the proper spirit. It is the kind that makes for success in life, if one makes it the motive of all his actions. The man who wins out is the man who is always ahead of other people in planning things. To make your athletic contest a success next spring it is not too early to begin thinking about it now. The failures which frequently attend athletic meetings are due to bad management, and this in turn is generally due to neglect on the part of those in charge to think out the details far enough in advance to enable them to provide for any little contingency that may arise. Answering your letter in a general

way, we would suggest "Climbing the mast" for the purpose you have in mind. It is a novelty; and as it has not been used much in the past, it will prove a surprise when introduced among the other things on your schedule. You will find it a pleasant variation to the races. Sink two pine spars about twenty feet long and nine inches in diameter at the base in the field where the meet is to be held. They should taper to, say, three inches at the top. Here have a small flag placed in a socket. Have the competitors start in pairs, the first man to reach the summit and get the flag to be declared the winner. You can conduct several heats in this way, putting the winner of each pair in the next round. Continue in this manner until the winners come together in the last pair. It requires some skill to "shimmy" up a pole, even when it is not greased; and you will find that young men will be more apt to show a willingness to enter a contest like this, as it does not mean that they are going to ruin a suit of clothes in a few minutes of sport, as is the case in the game known as "greased pole." Every boy thinks he is a good climber because he can manage to get up a tree in fairly quick time, but wait till he tries going up a straight pole having no limbs for him to clutch in his ascent! Neither is it so dangerous as when the pole is greased, for in that case a person might get a bad fall. It is no joke to lose your hold when fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and make a breathless descent. It might seem funny to spectators, but it doesn't to the poor fellow who gets such a jolt that he wonders if there is a bone in his body that has escaped being broken!

Jack Lightfoot is my favorite character in the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY. He is what I might call a "peach." I suppose I shouldn't use slang, but please forgive me this time, as it is my first offense. Three cheers for the great American hero, Jack Lightfoot! "Who's all right?" Jack Lightfoot. I have followed his adventures ever since the ALL-SPORTS was first handed to me by our news-dealer. He said: "You ought to read this book, Willie. Try it and tell me what you think of it." I sat right down in his store and began to read. It was so interesting that I did not watch what time it was getting, and lost my supper because I didn't get home till it was too late. I didn't care, for I wanted to finish the paper, I liked it so much. The news-dealer laughed, and said: "Well, I guess you like it all right, Willie." He was right, or I would not have sat there for a couple of hours, paying no attention to anything going around. I have got one reader for the library.

WILLIE GRAHAM.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

It was too bad that you missed your supper, but no doubt your mother put something on the table for you when you finally did get home. Such delightful stories as one finds in the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY are worth missing a supper for once in awhile. But we suggest that you do not make it a regular practise all the time, because we wouldn't like to hear that one of our favorite readers had taken to the two-meals-a-day fad, to the great concern and surprise of his stomach, who is a friend, you know, that must always be treated well if you want to keep on the right side of him!

I have read quite a good deal of ALL-SPORTS books, and I intend some time to get the back numbers. I like Jack very much, and also Daisy, his sister. I agree with Walter Higbie, of Long Island, in saying boys would appreciate the weekly more if they dealt with a little school life. My measurements are: Neck, 15¾ inches; waist, 29 inches; thighs, 19¾ inches; calves, 13 inches; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 135 pounds; age, 15 years. 1. Are these good, and what are my weak and strong points? 2. Please tell me what exercises I need for muscles mentioned, as I want to build them up. 3. In what State of the Union is Cranford situated?

Well, hoping this escapes the waste-basket, and thanking Mr. Stevens and the Winner Library Company for many pleasant hours, I am,

New York City.

T. W. J. D.

You lack thirty pounds in weight. Eat fattening foods, like oatmeal, brown bread, beef, and mutton to take on weight. You

should join the Y. M. C. A. and take a thorough gymnasium course to get up a full, rounded development. Surely, such a good student of geography as you ought to know where Cranford is!

I have been reading ALL-SPORTS since it first started, and intend to read them still longer. I also read *Tip Top*. I like Jack, Lafe, Tom, Phil, and Jubal best. Nellie Connor is my favorite of the girls. I am saving souvenir postal cards, and will exchange with anybody. With three cheers for Jack Lightfoot, Maurice Stevens, and last, but not least, the Winner Library Company, I remain,

ALFRED THOMAS.

6 Kendall Street, Lawrence, Mass.

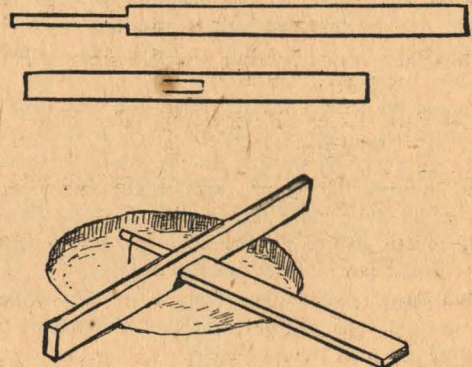
The people in the stories all seem to appeal to you. But, no wonder; all healthy-minded young men find Jack and his friends are just like themselves.

(*"How to do Things"*)—Continued from page 28.

once the old standard joke of "Well, if you're going fishing, son, I won't order any meat at the butcher's to-day" loses its sting. That is your hour of triumph—for once you are it.

It will be seen that in the main the tip-ups we give are very simple affairs. The one with the three prongs can be secured from the top of any young sapling in the woods, where three branches have started to shoot upward in the fashion shown. If desired, a bit of red muslin may be fastened to the blunt end, which will signal the angler when a fish has tilted up the contrivance, pulling the one long shank down into the small opening.

Try this sport if you have the chance this winter, boys,



and perhaps you may thank us for bringing it to your attention. No doubt the Cranford lads enjoyed this game with so fine a lake close at hand, and so enterprising a leader as Jack Lightfoot to handle the tools.

Of course this method of fishing is vastly different from that indulged in on the northern lakes, where fishermen build huts out on the ice, cut a hole in the latter, and sit over it by the hour, spear in hand, ready to thrust it into any white fish or bass that approaches the bait they have lowered as a lure. That sort of business requires considerable skill in the use of the fish-spear, as well as patience. Only professional fishermen, as a rule, indulge in it.

There are numerous other styles of tip-ups in vogue, but we have given those that are deemed the most simple, and the easiest made. The experiences in this line, as well as the stunning of fish and muskrats through the ice, remain among the most treasured memories of our boyhood.

We wish you all possible luck, young fishermen, if you decide to have a try for the hungry, finny denizens of pond or lake.

STIRRING SEA TALES

PAUL JONES WEEKLY



TORIES of the adventures of the gallant American hero, Paul Jones, in the battles he had with the British men-o'-war during the Revolution.

The history of his brave deeds forms some of the most interesting and brilliant pages in American history, and the stories which appear in "Paul Jones Weekly" are so fascinating and full of the spirit of patriotism that no real boy can resist the temptation to read them.

LIST OF TITLES

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|---|--|
| 1—Paul Jones' Cruise for Glory; or, The Sign of the Coiled Rattlesnake. | 11—Paul Jones' Double; or, Cruise of the <i>Floating Feather</i> . |
| 2—Paul Jones at Bay; or, Striking a Blow for Liberty. | 12—Adrift with Paul Jones; or, The Last of the Lagoon Pirates. |
| 3—Paul Jones' Pledge; or, The Tiger of the Atlantic. | 13—Paul Jones Against Odds; or, The Story of a Wonderful Fight. |
| 4—Paul Jones' Bold Swoop; or, Cutting Out a British Supply Ship. | 14—Paul Jones' Sealed Orders; or, Special Duty in the Caribbees. |
| 5—Paul Jones' Strategy; or, Outwitting the Fleets of Old England. | 15—Paul Jones Among the Redcoats; or, The Fight off Tobago. |
| 6—Paul Jones' Long Chase; or, The Last Shot in the Locker. | 16—Paul Jones and the Letter of Marque; or, Clipping the Tiger's Claws. |
| 7—Out with Paul Jones; or, Giving Them a Bad Fright Along the English Coast. | 17—Paul Jones' Running Fight; or, A Blow for Freedom at Old Nassau. |
| 8—Paul Jones Afloat and Ashore; or, Stirring Adventures in London Town. | 18—Paul Jones' Secret Foe; or, Traitors Aboard the <i>Providence</i> . |
| 9—Paul Jones' Swamp Trail; or, Outwitting the Coast Raiders. | 19—The Cruise of the <i>Eagle</i> ; or, Rescued by Paul Jones. |
| 10—Paul Jones' Defiance; or, How the Virginia Planter Invaded "Robbers' Roost." | 20—Paul Jones Among the Slaves; or, The <i>Portland's</i> White Captive. |

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"Teach the American boy how to become an athlete and so lay the foundation of a constitution greater than that of the United States."
—Wise Sayings from Tip Top.

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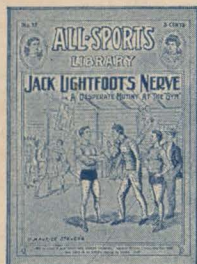
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| 20—Jack Lightfoot in Camp; or, Young Athletes at Play in the Wilderness. | 37—Jack Lightfoot's Nerve; or, A Desperate Mutiny at the "Gym." |
| 21—Jack Lightfoot's Disappearance; or, The Turning-up of an Old Enemy. | 38—Jack Lightfoot's Halfback; or, Playing the Giants of the League. |
| 22—Jack Lightfoot's "Stone Wall" Infield; or, Making a Reputation in the League. | 39—Jack Lightfoot's Gridiron Boys; or, Leading a Patched-up Team to Victory. |
| 23—Jack Lightfoot's Talisman; or, The Only Way to Win Games in Baseball. | 40—Jack Lightfoot's Trap Shooting; or, Up Against the Champions of the Gun Club. |
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| 26—Jack Lightfoot's Hard Luck; or, A Lightning Triple Play in the Ninth. | 43—Jack Lightfoot's Great Kick; or, The Tackle That Did Not Work. |
| 27—Jack Lightfoot's Iron Arm; or, How the New "Spit" Ball Worked the Charm. | 44—Jack Lightfoot's Duck-Blind; or, A Strange Mystery of the Swamp. |
| 28—Jack Lightfoot on the Mat; or, The Jiu-Jitsu Trick that Failed to Work. | 45—Jack Lightfoot's Luck; or, Glorious Days of Sport Ahead. |
| 29—Jack Lightfoot's All-Sports Team; or, How Lufe Lampton Threw the Hammer. | 46—Jack Lightfoot's Triumph; or, Back from a Watery Grave. |
| 30—Jack Lightfoot in the Box; or, The Mascot that "Hoodooed" the Nine. | 47—Jack Lightfoot Down in Dixie; or, The Voyage of a Single-Hand Cruiser. |
| 31—Jack Lightfoot's Lucky Find; or, The New Man Who Covered "Short." | 48—Jack Lightfoot's Plans; or, Wrecked on Indian River. |
| 32—Jack Lightfoot, Archer; or, The Strange Secret an Arrow Revealed. | 49—Jack Lightfoot on Snowshoes; or, The Chase of the Great Moose. |
| 33—Jack Lightfoot's Cleverness; or, The Boy Who Butted In. | 50—Jack Lightfoot Snowed-Up; or, Lost in the Trackless Canadian Wilderness. |
| 34—Jack Lightfoot's Decision; or, That Chestnut of "Playing Against Ten Men." | 51—Jack Lightfoot's Enemies; or, A Fight to the Finish. |
| 35—Jack Lightfoot, Pennant-Winner; or, Winding up the Four Town League. | 52—Jack Lightfoot at Seagirt; or, New Friends and Old Foes. |
| 36—Jack Lightfoot's Pledge; or, Bound in Honor. | 53—Jack Lightfoot's Hazing; or, Tricking the Tricksters. |
| | 54—Jack Lightfoot's First Victory; or, A Battle for Blood. |

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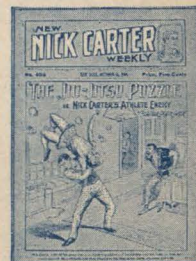
TIP TOP WEEKLY



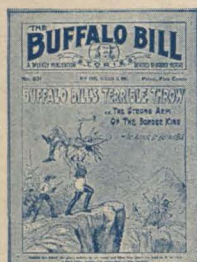
Frank and Dick Merriwell are two brothers whose adventures in college and on the athletic field are of intense interest to the American boy of to-day. They prove that a boy does not have to be a rowdy to have exciting sport.

NICK CARTER WEEKLY

We know, boys, that there is no need of introducing to you Nicholas Carter, the greatest sleuth that ever lived. Every number containing the adventures of Nick Carter has a peculiar, but delightful, power of fascination.



BUFFALO BILL STORIES



Buffalo Bill is the hero of a thousand exciting adventures among the Redskins. These are given to our boys only in the Buffalo Bill Stories. They are bound to interest and please you.

PAUL JONES WEEKLY

Do not think for a second, boys, that these stories are a lot of musty history, just sugar-coated. They are all new tales of exciting adventure on land and sea, in all of which boys of your own age took part.



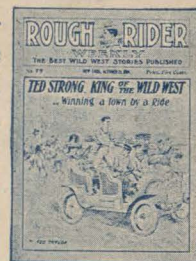
BRAVE AND BOLD



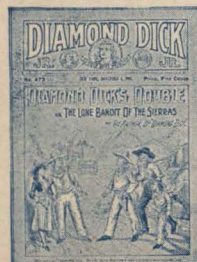
Every boy who prefers variety in his reading matter, ought to be a reader of Brave and Bold. All these were written by authors who are past masters in the art of telling boys' stories. Every tale is complete in itself.

ROUGH RIDER WEEKLY

Ted Strong was appointed deputy marshal by accident, but he resolves to use his authority and rid his ranch of some very tough bullies. He does it in such a slick way that everyone calls him "King of the Wild West" and he certainly deserves his title.



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The adventures of a poor waif whose only name is "Bowery Billy." Billy is the true product of the streets of New York. No boy can read the tales of his trials without imbibing some of that resource and courage that makes the character of this homeless boy stand out so prominently.

